




The Lantern

June

1930



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Dedication



*To the Spirit of Bedford Road, which has inspired,
and continues to inspire succeeding generations
of students, this volume of The
Lantern is dedicated.*





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THE LANTERN

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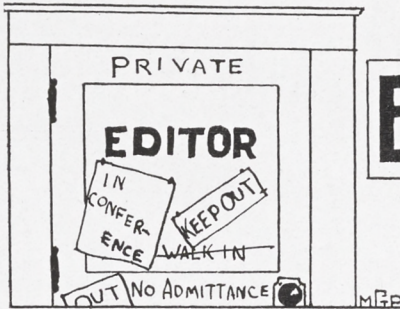
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EDITORIALS



THROUGH the medium of this, the eighth volume of the *Lantern*, the editorial committee seeks to render some small message. May we take this opportunity of tendering our sincere appreciation to all who have contributed so generously of time, labor, and talent in the publishing of this edition.

You will note that numerous new features have been made a part of this issue. We have entered upon them all in the light of a high and purposeful intent,—that this book may hold a very personal appeal for each of you. Constructive criticisms regarding these newly-introduced changes, may be of intense value to the editors of another year.

But apart from the somewhat incongruous sequence of scissors, pots of glue, bits of cardboard, proofs and prints, during the past few weeks and months, we have sensed the presence of an indefinable, beautiful “something”, that made the “doing of these things” seem really worth-while,—that spirit of co-operation and friendly enthusiasm which we call “School Spirit”, for lack of a better name.

Indeed, is not this spirit, stimulated by our associations at Bedford Road, the self-same spirit which will prompt us in the days of To-morrow to stoop and toss our small fagot into the Great Fire of Life? Is it not this practice of “being wholly alive” to our surroundings, that which will make “every Yesterday a dream of happiness, and every To-morrow a vision of hope”? May it ever be ours, “until many a gray dawn and many a purple evening have traced a pattern in our hearts.”

In the throes of this work-a-day world, we have all seen pale, opal people, who never have lived; we have seen scarred people, when they have lived too hungrily; and we have seen great people, when like the eagle, they have gazed into the sun.

Life can go by like a parade, or it can come in and sup with you.
Which is to be—for you?

M. E. C.

* * *

Success or Failure

WE have reached the close of another school year and naturally both teachers and students are reflecting on the fruits of their labors.

Outwardly, so far as the students are concerned, the final examination is the test. In a deeper and truer sense, however, the successful student is he who has learned to do his work thoroughly from day to day, and to systematically review. In doing this he not only masters his subjects, but he also acquires a mastery over himself which invariably leads to a successful life. Occasionally a conscientious student, through overwork or worry, fails on the departmental examination. Such a student must learn more self control.

Another type of student, all too common in our school, is the one who neglects his work throughout the year, and trusts to a final lucky "cram" toward the last. Even if such a student should pass his examination, yet he is fundamentally unfit and untrained and the odds are greatly against his future success.

The complex and strenuous world of today demands the trained and thorough mind. The charlatan is soon discovered.

J. A. S.

* * *

To The Lantern,—

My hearty thanks to your Editor for the invitation to convey a greeting to all you of the B.R.C.I. through the medium of the Lantern.

The occasion naturally induces me to cast a retrospective glance over my own student days at Bedford, and, to express an appropriate toast for them. I must borrow in part a favorite quotation of the senior partner's: "Here's to the days that were the days!" To me they were *the* days because along their course I gathered that ability to find a meaning to life which makes all other days worth while. I consider such an ability, along with a keen delight in work well done, to be an important part of the heritage Bedford holds for all her students.

And so, in the name of those of yester-year, I express this hope for you who constitute her present happy band, that you will hold fast this heritage and prove its value. Also, that you may receive shortly an unstinted measure of every deserved success, is the earnest wish for you of one who has gone before.

Mae (Sutherland) McKague.
Editor, 1925.

* * *

To the Editor of the Lantern,—

The months have passed since last we had the pleasure of the work, hard, though enjoyable because of its nature, connected with the editing of the Lantern. Now from fields afar we send inquiring glances towards the halls from which we departed,—it seems as yesterday,—for a life unknown. No one can tell the essence which thrilled our hearts as we went, ambitious, determined to do or die; yet no one would doubt but that it was the link that bound us to Bedford's halls, no matter the distance which separated us.

Similarly, that bond is strengthened as once again we assemble for the Alumni Association. There we meet old faces, and see the new, eager to enter the new life, yet loath to leave the halls that have nurtured them.

Can it be, also, the same bond that tightens in our hearts as we view with pleasure the issuing of the eighth volume of the Lantern? Yes, it is a physical bond, but more, it is a physical evidence of the same bond that lies behind our Alumni's. So, you who have the affairs of the Lantern under your control, do not forget us who left your portals, but who are ever ready to receive news from our Alma Mater.

Yours sincerely,
John Collier.
Editor, 1929.

News of the Teaching Staff

THIS year the Lantern reports no impending departures from our teaching staff at B.R.C.I. Mrs. D. E. Walker (formerly Miss Campbell) substituted during the fall term in the shorthand department of the Commercial School. General regret was felt at Christmas when Mrs. Walker finally severed her connection with Bedford Road.

In September the staff was enlarged by the addition of Miss Helen MacDonald, B.A., as head of the Girls' Work department, and Mr. Harry Pullen as the director of Boys' Work. Miss MacDonald was a distinguished hockey player in her years at U. of S. She has quickly gained a lasting place in the hearts of the B.R.C.I. students. Mr. Pullen's reputation as a rugby player preceded him from St. Thomas, Ont., where he played on the Dominion Junior Championship team. In his new department here, he has put boys' sports on the map in Bedford.

Mr. M. P. Toombs, B.A. (Sask.), returned to his old school in September when he took charge of the work in history of the commercial school. A member of the graduating class of 1924, Mr. Toombs is one of our most distinguished alumni.

At the New Year, Miss Helen Hay, B.A., succeeded to the work relinquished by Mrs. Walker. Miss Hay's readiness to give a helping hand in all school activities, as well as her fine talents in music, have combined to add to her popularity.



LANTERN EDITORIAL STAFF, 1930

Back row—M. Maynes, A. Tooth, J. L. McKinnon, N. Miller, J. H. MacLennan, V. Cairns, J. Buck, M. Stein, R. V. Humphries, H. Kemp, S. G. Carson, D. Bate, P. Baillie.
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 Front Row—J. Cuthbert, G. McTavish, R. Coad, M. Hobson, B. Barbour, E. Sonmor, T. Cave, O. Richardson.

In Memoriam

After a long illness in the Sanatorium, Lenore Ethelyn Spring of 4A (1929), passed away on August 8, 1929. Her early days were spent at Blaine Lake; later she attended public school in North Battleford and at the Princess and King Edward schools in Saskatoon. Lenore's four years in Bedford Road gained for her a high place in the hearts of the students. Brilliant intellect combined with quiet modesty, and withal a charming sense of humour,—these are the characteristics of Lenore which will live long in the memory of all who knew and loved her.

* * *

On September 10, 1929, Gwen Bick, of 4A of last year, passed away at her home here. Born in Calgary on February 28, 1912, Gwen received most of her education in Delisle. Her year in 4A at Bedford Road was broken by a recurrence of rheumatic fever. Cheerful in suffering, Gwen was hopeful and encouraging to all who knew her. A brilliant mind and a lovely soul, she has left behind a stirring inspiration and a fragrant memory.

* * *

The passing of William Dowler on October 16, 1929, was the occasion of great regret in the commercial department, where Will's cheerful disposition and friendly ways were best known. A member of 2C.B, his fine personality attracted a wide circle of friends. The *Lantern* joins in the expression of sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

Notes and Comments

LAWRENCE PENDLEBURY

The efforts of Mr. C. R. Brown have placed the contests in Impromptu Oratory on a high plane. This along with the formation of the school orchestra is a tribute to the initiative of Mr. Brown.

Many of the fine pieces of artistry in this book are the work of Lawrence Pendlebury, who has given freely and amiably of his time and of his splendid talents in the making of the 1930 *Lantern*.

The *Lantern* expresses to the Misses Dickson the sympathy of the whole school in the loss of their father, Mr. John T. Dickson, who passed away in Toronto at Easter after a long illness. Mr. Dickson's gracious presence will long be remembered by all who formed his acquaintance during his stay in Saskatoon.

* * *

For their kindly assistance in typing, we thank the typewriting department.

* * *

Congratulations are due to the Boys' Baseball Club on their victories of May 31st, when they won the Northern Saskatchewan Intercollegiate Baseball Championship by defeating P.A. C.I. 15—1, and N.B. C.I. 8—6. Cliff Roseborough starred on the mound.

* * *

The Exchange Editor has received generous assistance from Marguerite Hobson, who had charge of this department last year. The work of this department has grown to splendid proportions, due to the patient labors of successive Exchange Editors.

* * *

Michael G. Pressesky of our 1929 staff, has generously given of his fine artistic skill in cartoons and headings. The *Lantern* appreciates this assistance.

* * *

We regret the absence from the *Lantern* staff picture of the following: Miss Jean Dickson, Miss Marge Collier, Beulah Adilman, and Ted Jones.

* * *

To the Alumni who have contributed to our Literary department, our thanks are due.

Literary

*The sun has set these many hours ago,
And now the moon moves slowly to the west.
The city lies below in silent rest,
Her street-lamps lending beauty to the snow.*

*Now all the night is still, and yet I know
That nothing stops—the world goes spinning on.
The same stars shine that lit the Parthenon.
The winds that blew on Babylon still blow.*

*Man, with his vision of divinity,
Toils on beneath the shadow of the sword,
His soul in eager strength, his flesh too slow
For deeds immortal. Yet, at length, when he
Is but the murmur of an ancient word,
The winds that blew on Babylon still blow.*

—R. E. Rashley, 4B, 1927; 4A, 1928.

The Garden of England

WE look at the map of the world, and the eye travels over the vast stretch of ocean, the Atlantic, and alights on that small group of islands, which mark the seat, the origin and the foundation of our great Empire.

One almost overlooks the mere dot indicating the position occupied by one of these islands; the Isle of Wight, which, though small in itself, has played no small part in the records of history.

Let us imagine for a moment, that we have crossed that vast stretch of water in reality and on landing at Southampton, have decided to cross the narrow strip of water dividing us from the inviting shores of this island. For the seeker of beauty, no shores could be more inviting, for the island presents every variety of scenery. From richly wooded lanes, tiny inland villages, bowered in greenery; high sweeping downs; to bold coast scenery, with chalk cliffs rising two hundred feet above a thunderous sea.

We shall land at Cowes, situated at the estuary of the River Medina, and noted the world over for its celebrated yachting facilities. The first place of interest which will engage our attention is Osborne, the home of Queen Victoria, and place of her death. It was built under the personal supervision of Prince Albert.

However, since our time is limited and the island's interests many, we shall waste no more time on Osborne, but advance further inland to Newport, the quaint old-fashioned market town, capital of the island, situated very appropriately in the centre. Here the object of most interest is the Jacobean Grammar School, wherein the historical Conference took place between Charles I and the Parliamentarians, during the period of the king's imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle, which will be our next destination.

The earliest record of the castle is of a British fort, which stood on the site, to be succeeded by a Roman camp. It was later fortified by the Saxons, and during the reign of William the Conqueror, offered itself as a refuge for his half-brother, the rebel Odo. It was to this castle that Baldwin de Redvers fled during the reign of King Stephen. Among the entries in the register of Carisbrooke Church, written in faint, discoloured ink, is the following: "1588—The very year that the great and huge fleete of the Spanyard came to the ile of Wight, was at Mandlinestide in the yeere of our Lord God 1588, the which God defended us, our Queen and Realm this day, and for evermore, and send us truthe and quietness within ourselves, anno 1588."

But many as are the historical associations of this castle, they all pale to insignificance beside the one outstanding event of Charles I's twelve months' imprisonment behind its austere walls. Twice he made unsuccessful attempts at escape; the small window with the severed iron bar the scene of both attempts, being a principal detail of interest today. The last visit at Carisbrooke will be to "The Well," two hundred and ten feet deep, built by Baldwin de Redvers. Here we shall see the patient donkey, walking in a wheel to draw up water from the well, which offers as much interest as the numerous historical associations.

However, we must leave Carisbrooke, and continue our tour. Among the antiquities of the island the Roman villa at Brading must certainly rank first, the chief interest lying in the well-preserved specimens of mosaic flooring. Places of interest which will not be evaded by those seeking the picturesque are the various quaint old churches, which the island has to offer. Among these, that at Bonchurch is perhaps the most attractive, its beautiful surroundings possibly being responsible. It is one of the smallest churches in England, and belongs to Norman times. The church at Brading holds itself to be the oldest in the island, parts of it dating back even before the Norman period. A quaint memory is enshrined in the name of Godshell, one of the prettiest of the island villages, of which the story is told; that at the building of the church, the stones laid in place by masons at the foot of the hill, on the selected site, were miraculously transported to its summit night by night, as a sign that the church was to stand there, and there it was accordingly built. At Whippingham Church, built by Queen Victoria not far from Osborne, Prince Henry of Battenburg, once Governor of the Island, is buried. The church is enriched inside with many memorable gifts of the Royal Family.

After visiting and admiring the glorious sweep of firm sands at Sandown and Ventnor, and the many beauties of Shanklin, we shall cross to the other side of the island, arriving at Alum Bay as the sun is setting. Here we find beauty in the extreme. The effect of the many-coloured cliffs, contrasting with the chalky white of the needles; the sharp-toothed crags, jutting out into the brilliant blue of the summer sea, with its path of glittering gold, leading up to that great ball of fire, about to dip beneath the horizon, and painting the sky in many tints of opal, pink and orange, is nothing less than wonderful.

From Alum we shall proceed to Freshwater. Here in the cool of the evening we must wander up Tennyson's Lane; that beautiful moss-covered avenue where the Poet Laureate once walked, and does to this day, so tradition says. We shall catch a glimpse of the old manor house, Farringford; nestled among the trees, where Tennyson spent about one-half of his life, "as it was beautiful and free from the haunts of men"; as we proceed to climb to the summit of High Down, where the great Ionic column of granite is erected in memory of the poet. The cliff at this point, is four hundred and ninety feet high, and by the light of the rising moon, we can see the waves washing the shores, and breaking into white foam on the rocks beneath.

From here let us walk along the cliffs to Freshwater Bay; it is not far,

and the cool sea-breeze blowing in from the English Channel will refresh us after our tiring day. Having arrived at the bay, we shall board a conveyance to take us to Yarmouth, the quaint old fishing village, where we embark on the small steam launch to return to the main-land. As we make our way across that strip of water, with a full moon in a star-lit sky above, the lapping of the dark waters beneath, and the twinkling lights of Lymington; the picturesque old port, where the first of the Plantagenets landed on his way to be crowned England's king, drawing nearer to us, we shall remember that it was under the same circumstances that the inspiration came to Lord Tennyson for that wonderful poem, "Crossing the Bar," and we shall reflect, that to be "crossing the bar" at "twilight and evening star" as Tennyson crossed it, is one of the loveliest possible pilgrimages of our world today.

—NANCY ASTBURY, 3C

TAKE HOPE

*Lift up you heart that is weary;
Take hope again in God.
"Ye who have had your sowing,
Will reap from the selfsame sod."*

*Despair not, whatever the weather,
He knoweth what is best.
Sow, then leave to the seasons—
God will do the rest.*

*Bitter may seem your failures,
And death may be welcomed fast.
Yet the shipwrecked sailor clings to God
As he lashes himself to the mast.*

*Therefore, look through to the dawning,
Take hope again in God,
For "Ye who have had your sowing,
Will reap from the self-same sod."*

—EUNA L. SONMOR, 4B, 1928-29.

Life

AND they called the man Failure. And he, persecuted by their every word and look, sought refuge in obscurity. He travelled far with but two surly comrades, Bitterness and Resentment.

When he had come to the end of a downhill journey, the two had been abandoned in favour of a woman. She was a stupid creature. Her raiment hid the leprous body, a feigned charm of manner hid her soul. As a parasite feeds on another, so did she, sapping his strength and wooing him with her fawning, dulling sweetness. Thus he drifted into listless lethargy.

At length there broke through his coma, girlish laughter, like the trilling of wild birds, with just a subtle undertone of mockery, mockery of his condition and an invitation to something; he knew not what. It was only after he had heard it at many different, irregular and peculiar moments of day and night, that he became aware of different intonations.

If there is sound it must have an origin. Hence it was a logical sequence of events that led him through various degrees of curiosity until he sought

for the maiden. He had but to leave Indifference behind for a brief space in order to see the girl. She was peering between the iron bars of his garden gate. The freshness of spring was a living, breathing part of her. The fragrance of wild flowers was in her hair, hair that was brown and kissed by every ray of the sun. Her laugh was still the song notes of wild birds but it was inviting. Her eyes were mocking one moment and pleading the next.

Failure followed her then. Followed over plains and stretches of forest. He learned to know the sizzling heat of desert sun and sands, to bless the coolness of green glades and the incoherent childish babbling of brooks. Once he walked with her for hours in search of white flowers to lay at dusk on a baby's grave.

On stormy nights she walked brooding in the rain with eyes downcast, or if the lightning flashed and thunder played between the hills, she ran and leaped like a wild thing, revelling in the wildness of it all.

Her moods were as variable as the winds that uproot trees and throw them crashing to the ground; that dash around corners, blowing papers, hats and skirts in glee, then in dismal melancholy echo through the trees or sing a crooning lullaby to flowers and leaves. Her eyes held full expression of her moods. Blithe and loving or racked with agony; pensive one moment, morose the next; sullen, smouldering anger or quick, fiery passion; all were the more accentuated in the eyes because no word passed her lips.

But what of Failure? He never ceased to tread where the bare brown feet of an elfin maiden led him and never once did he look back.

Then on a tower of rock where giant pines from such a lofty pedestal lifted caressing branches to the blue, she paused and half reclined against a tree. There in the grey half-light of the approaching dawn, Failure looked long and searchingly into her eyes. In their changing lights he saw the golden flecks of sunsets they had viewed together. He lived again the clear gleaming rapture of starlit nights. He remembered the tears she had shed for a dying child, and smiles she had thrown as bouquets to the many unfortunates. All that was love and tender compassion he found in her eyes; all that was noble and clean. From the faith and inspiration he saw, there was formed in his heart a never-dying song.

He kissed the lips that were red wood berries; as firm, as sweet. Then he faced the opal tints of the dawn. The world had called him Failure: and he laughed a mocking, challenging laugh, a laugh like the trilling notes of a wild bird. With it was lost forever the ghost of Indifference. At its sound, the maiden faded as the moon in the deepening light of day.

On a page of ivory whiteness inscribed to the deeds of Inspiration, a maiden wrote:

*"And the man shall no longer be called Failure,
Henceforth he shall be known as Success."*

—RUTH MURRAY, 4A.

DRIFTWOOD OF LIFE

*Rowing, aimlessly rowing,
Down life's river they go;
Seeking no destination,
But just row, row, row.*

*What will fate bring them? They wonder
Will luck fill their sails to-day?
Will they keep forever drifting
Along the easiest way?*

—ELEANOR McDAVITT, 1C.

Things to Do While Writing an Essay

SIT down, gently but firmly, before your desk. Now, what's the subject? Scratch your head with your pencil. Is that a crack in your head or is it something wrong with the pencil? Do you always write your essays in pencil? Do you think a pen is better? How about a typewriter? An adding machine? Do you suppose it would be easier to carve the essay in linoleum or the head of a pin? Who invented essays anyway? Do you enjoy writing them? Name ten things you'd rather do than write an essay. . . . What did you say the subject was? Who cares? Did you read any books on the subject? Did you ever read a book? Why? . . . Do you suppose there's anything interesting happening outside? Go over to the window and see. Well? Nothing but a man passing on the street and a pot of geraniums on the window sill? Push the pot of geraniums off the window-sill. Now is there anything happening outside? Retire to an easy chair and drape yourself over it. How long overdue is this essay? What have you been doing with yourself during the past two months? What did you do last night, for example? Was she blonde or brunette? Or was it liquid? Why didn't you stay in and do some work? . . . Laugh feebly. "Heh! heh!"—like that . . . What are you going to do to-night? Write the essay? What was the subject, anyway? Does your pencil need sharpening? Look at it. Stick it in the crack on the arm of the chair. Twist it. Now does it need sharpening? Go and sharpen it. . . . Fiddle with the lamp shade. What does the lamp shade remind you of? What! did she wear that funny thing again last night? Why does she wear funny things like that? Is it the fashion? Do people wear funny things because it's the fashion? Is it the fashion to wear funny things? Or is it funny to be in the fashion? Name ten funny fashions. . . . What was the subject? What was the object? What was the object of the subject? What was the—? What are you raving about? Wake up! Go over to your desk. Take a piece of essay paper. Write your name on it. Fold it carefully. Throw it in the waste basket. . . . What was that blonde's telephone number? Look it up. . . . Where are you going? Go on back to your desk! Hey! What kind of a way is this to act? Go back! What about the subject? . . . And did she have an agreeable disposition?

—M. M.

Gun Crazy

CRASH! Shell after shell screamed overhead or plowed into the earth close at hand. A flare fluttered; shone bright; then died, making the night more black, more terrible, a veritable hell of screaming, leaden death. Two soldiers crept slowly across the shell-marked ground. The foremost was called Dicky,—no one knew his surname, but it was vaguely rumored that he had been a gunman in Chicago or New York. Following him was Jim Douglas.

Until the previous afternoon, before they had embarked on this wild journey across that narrow, deadly area between the flaming, wavering front-line trenches, these two had been chums; one of those sudden friendships of two men of similar spirit, united by a common danger. It was in the mail that the trouble had started. Eagerly snatching their letters from the carrier they had reclined side by side in the bottom of the trench to read the "News from Home." Jim scanned eagerly the few lines from the girl he loved, signed "Yours, Jeanne Brown." He remembered her as simple and undemonstrative.

The little incidents of his last moments with her returned vividly to his mind. Then accidentally he glanced up at the letter in Dick's hand, and saw: "Forgiving you for all, your loving Jeanne" . . . God! It was Jeanne—his Jeanne. In an agony of doubt, rage, and despair, he flung himself into his dugout. His gun-crazed mind blazed with unreasonable hate for the man who had been his chum. Later an orderly brought a command—"Dick and he were to go over the top that night on reconnaissance patrol." And thus, at midnight the two privates had crept forth into the pock-marked, shell-torn front on their dangerous mission.

Jim Douglas cursed and burrowed alternately as shells screamed overhead. Thoughts of Jeanne entered his mind—"she loved Dick, eh!" His hatred blazed up against his chum. He would kill him. Only one man would ever go back to the dugout. Dick would be dead. He crept nearer to his comrade. A shell crashed nearby, another and another; shrapnel flew all around. Dick, with a groan, lurched forward into a shell-hole.

He lay still, staring at the sky, now tinged with grey in the east; a dark stain slowly spread over the front of his tunic. Jim cursed the Boche "damn them"—they had killed Dick—his chum; he groaned.

Dawn found him lying in the shell-hole, his arm around his chum. Dick stirred and Jim knelt closer.—"Dick, old boy! Dick!" His teeth clicked together. Dick was speaking: "Tell her, Jim, old man—in my wallet." Jim removed the wallet from Dick's pocket. Jeanne's face smiled up at him from a photograph within. "Tell her I'm sorry, Jim." A cough racked his body. "She's a good kid—broke her heart when I turned gunman. She's swell, Jim, —my—my sister." Jim shook his chum, tears shining in his eyes. "Your sister, Dicky, eh?" But the lips were set and silent; guns roared. The front rocked and crashed. Jim sobbed. Dick was dead.

—ALEX TOOTH, 4B.

"If"

(Plagiarized, with sincere apologies to Mr. Kipling)

*If you can smile when teachers all about you
Are raving mad and blaming it on you;
If you can "explain yourself" when sundry of them doubt you,
And make your explanation good and true;
If you can wait outside the door nor tremble in your waiting,
Or being kicked out from the class, not raise a fuss,
Or being sleepy not give way to yawning,
And yet not look too stupid, nor too—hush!*

*If you can work—and not make work your master;
If you do copy—yet not all the time;
If you can answer Trig, and Latin questions
And know a Parabola is not a crooked line;
If you can bear to hear the answer you have spoken
Compared unto the puerile babbling of a fool,
Or watch the Lab. test fail with U-tubes broken,
Nor feel like creeping underneath your stool.*

*If you do all your homework in the mornings
And take the risk of doing it in class,
And being punish'd, do again the same things,
And pay no heed unto your former smash;
If you can talk the teachers into believing
That you were truly ill the other day,*

*And so go on your merry way not thinking
That: "Now's the time for you to make your hay!"*

*If you can talk in class and not be caught for talking,
Or race in halls—nor see detention room,
If neither tests nor failure threats can ever scare you,
And if you pass and do your passing with a "boom";
If you can do all that the teachers ask you
And still have just a happy normal mind.
Yours are the skies and everything that's in them,
For—let me whisper—"you're not of this earth, my child!"*

—LEMPI SOINI, 4A

The Seats of The Mighty

ONE who reads a great deal of light literature, namely, novels, merely for the pleasure derived from this form of recreation, soon develops decided likes and dislikes in his choice of reading matter. Above all, we say, a book must be interesting. Just what constitutes that interest? It takes careful thought to make up our minds exactly what qualities it is that endear certain books to us, and cause us to dislike others. I think one of the main things we all desire is optimism, and the usual "happy ending." A book may be very cleverly written, but if it is morbid and bitter, our final reaction is not in its favor. Such a book we have in Martha Ostenso's "Dark Dawn." It is dark, slow-moving, filled with unnatural embittered characters. Miss Ostenso is, undoubtedly, a clever writer, but because of those very qualities, she is not universally popular as a writer of fiction.

A novel, to be really interesting, must also be true to life, yet not too ordinary. A story taken completely from the realm of fancy, highly imaginative and wholly impossible, causes us to throw down the book with the exclamation, "Rot!", or some other equally illuminating remark as to our opinion of it. On the other hand, the story must be a little different from every day affairs, for the main purpose of fiction writing is to cause us to use our own imagination; to give us new ideas and insight into life; and to open up new lands of dreams to us.

Finally, we want human characters, not fictitious impossible mannequins. Let the hero be brave, good, and possessing all the usual heroic attributes, but spare us the pretence of a perfect man! The same applies to the heroine. Must she be compounded of all the virtues of the world and none of its faults? Ah no, let us have living, breathing personalities. Let our hero and heroine make their mistakes; have their weaknesses; even as you and I fall, and rise again from the dust. And our villain; let him have his good points, for no man is so base but that he still has good in him. It is people like that with whom we can sympathize and in whose sorrow, joy, and ultimate triumph we can share. The days of "Elsie Dinsmore" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are gone and the modern demand is for characters in fiction that are human and natural.

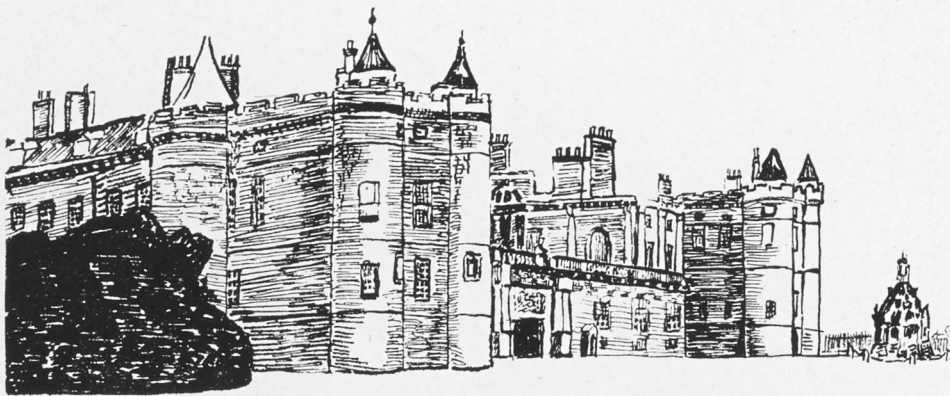
Such qualities are found in Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," which deals with the love story of Alixe Duvarney in the days of New France. Such a theme should prove of interest to all, for not only is the story of Alixe and Robert Moray unfolded to our sympathetic ears, but the setting is vivid and beautiful and the author paints strikingly the intrigue and degeneracy of the French court at old Quebec. One sees the glory of New France on the wane; her court filled with dishonest and incompetent officials; while greed and avarice reign on the stern throne of Duty.

Gilbert Parker makes his characters so alive, so lovable, that we are able to understand and sympathize with them in all their adventures. Alixe, the heroine, a lovable girl at the beginning of the story; a brave, true woman as it reaches its close. A woman who stands steadfast by the side of her lover in time of trouble; who feels and acknowledges the fascination of court life; who thrills to the expert passage of the verbal rapier as she fences brilliantly with the keenest minds of the court; yet who remains untouched by its vice and moral slackness. Moray, the hero; a typical Englishman, quiet, practical, a good soldier. A man whose policy is to "do the right thing always, because it is right"; and whom the author aptly likens unto a "musket-stock a-clubbing" in his word-play. Doltaire on the other hand; the brilliant, clever, unscrupulous villain is compared to a "bodkin-point" in his verbal fencing. To me, Doltaire is by far the most fascinating character in the book. Son of the king of France, his mother a beautiful peasant woman, Doltaire combines the conflicting natures of both; and he himself gives us his philosophy of life by his gay words: "We are brilliant, exquisite, brave and naughty; and for us there is no tomorrow." It is impossible to dislike Doltaire, to resist his charm; one needs must admire his coolness, his bravery, his brilliance; nay—even the manner in which he strives to win Alixe for himself.

The "Seats of the Mighty" is undoubtedly interesting; one follows with pleasure the rough road of Alixe and Moray and rejoices inwardly at their final capture of that elusive "will o' the wisp"—happiness. One thrills to the clash of musketry and the final downfall of New France by the capture of Quebec. And while one criticizes inwardly the author's use of meticulous detail which at times becomes tedious; and the fact that he gives Moray the honor of leading Wolfe's daring soldiers up the cliffs; one's last thought is for Doltaire; whose death although a fitting climax for his brilliant career, yet leaves a lingering regret and the hope that his restless, unquenchable spirit may find peace in the great beyond.

Such is "The Seats of the Mighty."

—BETH FLEMING, 4A.



Holyrood Palace is situated in the formerly fashionable quarter of Edinburgh. It derives its name from the fact that it was built on the former site of the Abbey of the Holy Rood, founded by David I. It is especially famed for the story of Mary, Queen of Scots. Here was enacted the death of her favorite, Rizzio, which gives a sinister air to this grim and sombre palace.

A Word from the North

Dear Fellow Students of the B.R.C.I.:

(I may call you that, may I not? Is it not true of students as of Guides? Their code is: "Once a Guide, always a Guide.")

I have been asked to write you a little about my life up here in the north.

Although we are more than two hundred miles north of our nearest town—Prince Albert, we are not entirely cut off from civilization, for by the courtesy of the Royal Canadian Air Force, letters are brought in whenever one of their 'planes comes this way from Big River, and our regular mail comes once a month, and now we hear that an air-way company has the contract and will bring mail through twice a month. It is at such times as "Freeze-up" and "Break-up" that our mail is delayed. We had no mail for ten weeks before Christmas of last year. To a disinterested spectator it must have been amusing to see how many times we watched from the roof, in a vain endeavour to transform an approaching team, pulling a load of fish, into the mail caboose. I, for one, never realized before how many islands there were in the lake, for every speck resulted in being just another rock or island when viewed through the field-glasses. Eventually the caboose came—two days before Christmas. Then "Oh! What a shout was there, my countrymen!"

All Saints' Anglican Indian Residential School (to give it its full name) houses one hundred and seven boys and girls, from the ages of five to seventeen years, and a staff of ten. It is situated on the south-west shore of Lac la Ronge. In front of the school there is a three-mile stretch of road, behind is muskeg and bush. To the south the road leads to the Montreal River and to Big Stone Lake; to the north—to muskeg.

The children are clothed and fed, are given a public school education and training in domestic tasks and gardening. They come from different parts: Stanley, Lac la Ronge, Montreal Lake and one pupil from as far south as the New Reserve, which is just north of Prince Albert. About twenty others who live close at home attend as day-pupils.

Their parents engage in fishing and trapping and are consequently away during the greater part of the year, gathering only for Christmas and Easter, Treaty Day and the Sunday following which is their big meeting or Kiche Kesikew. The arrival of the Treaty party is an event in itself and guns are fired and flags hoisted. The party consists of the Indian agent, whose duty it is to pay the Treaty money to the natives, and the doctor who examines the school-children and visits the sick.

Their stay lasts about two days. This money does not last long, for that is the big buying time, and the W.A. sale attracts the fairer or "darker" (?) sex.

The Indian children are most interesting and are very lovable. Are they stolid? Yes! when they desire to be, but they appreciate a joke as quickly as you or I. The only draw-back is their language and the habit of mumbling which is common to all. When a new pupil comes to the school, he is at sea until he has learned a few words from me and has "watched" for a day or two. When teaching new words to the Kindergarten class I sometimes call on a Grade II pupil to name the corresponding Cree word so that the beginner at least knows what I am talking about. In dull periods, when the class has that Blue-Monday, half-asleep attitude, a word or two of Cree from me, works wonders. In the first place it is a joke just because it comes from us. But mind, it is only a word or two, for my vocabulary is very limited, and also, we do not encourage the use of Cree in the building for obvious reasons. The beginners feel very strange at first, but just say: "Astum" (Come here) and see the result. You are not entirely the White stranger to him then and he feels just a little bit surer of you afterwards. They show their love in many little ways. Go to the play-room door, and ask "Who would like to help me?" Immediately twenty small hands are thrust up into your face, to the accompaniment of eager cries of "Me! Me!" and eighteen little people turn disappointedly away.

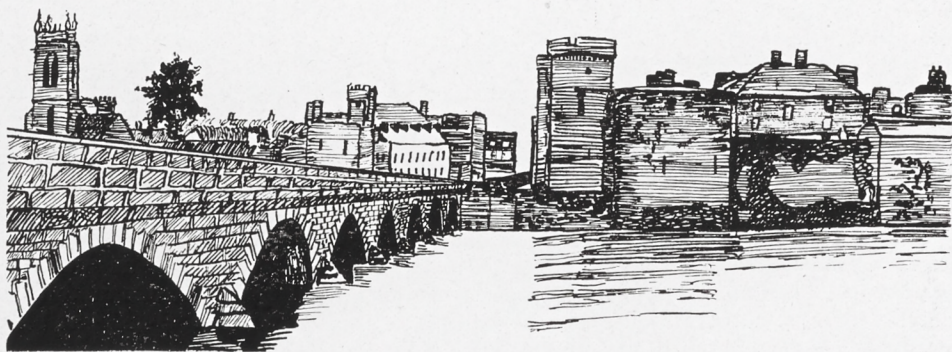
Just now, in the Spring of the year, the boys find quantities of flowers to bring in and scarcely a recess or noon-hour passes, without five or six little tokens, even if it is only one little lonely leaf. Or, the girls, finding a stray flower in the play-ground, plant it in a tin lid and bring it in for the top of the book-case, where it is placed with all due care and respect. In the Fall, the class-room is gay with coloured leaves gathered on the walks.

Am I dealing too much with the younger ones? Then, please forgive me, for you see they belong to me. I am their "Miss Field"! And I love them. You will notice the way I have written my name. I have found that to be one of their chief difficulties—pronouncing "P" for "F", and "B" for "V". The other day, little Nancy, a child of seven, came to me with the plea: "Please may I put-ball?" After thinking for a minute or two it came to me that she wanted the football! Of course, two or three more minutes were then spent correcting the error.

I have fifty or so such little ones and they and I have wonderful times together in the class-room or at lessons outside. But the seniors are equally interesting and kind. For instance, leave a task unfinished within their reach and return five minutes later and find it completed. The girls do beautiful beadwork, making necklaces and pocket-fobs and leather mats, bags and moccasins.

The country here is wonderful; the lake in summer is ever changing. In winter, on a sunny day, a ride behind dogs, through the bush, transforms it to the fanciful, into a fairyland; while along the shore and on the lake, the immense expanse of ice and snow enhances the beauty of a moonlight night, already accentuated by the tall silhouettes of the pines.

—EILEEN FIELD.



The Thomond Bridge over the River Shannon at Limerick City. The castle shown in the picture was built by King John, and is an excellent example of Norman military architecture remaining in Ireland. Limerick was the scene in the reign of William III, of the Pacification of Limerick. By this treaty, Irish rebel followers of James II were given the option of serving in the army of William or following the Pretenders into exile.

"A Little About Finns"

FINLAND, one of the oldest countries in the world as geologists say, is also one of the least known. It is surprising and certainly rather humiliating, when the subject of Finland is mentioned, to have people, who with perfect reasons consider themselves well educated, ask one, "Where is Finland? I've never seen it on the map." or "How funny! you're a Finn and I never knew there was even such a country." Well, there is such a country and it has a population of about four million. Finland is situated in the north-

east corner of Europe and may easily be recognized as the "old woman" who stands with her left arm extended ready to strike, and whose left foot "tickles" the base of the city of Leningrad.

How long ago Finland became inhabited is unknown, but from historic remains it has been discovered that a prehistoric race lived there long before the coming of the Finns. These people lived by the rivers and lakes, supporting themselves by fishing and trapping. That they possessed some degree of civilization is shown by the fact that they had tools of stone and later of bronze and iron. How they came to Finland is not known; neither is it known what became of them.

The Finns, proper, who now inhabit Finland, have the queer and perhaps rather uncomplimentary distinction of being a people whom no other race wishes to include as a member of its branch families. They are a race entire in themselves, having, it is true, some of the characteristics of the Mongols, the Slavs, and even of the Celts; yet they cannot with assurance be classed as belonging to any of these. They are a mysterious people whose antecedents the learned have tried in vain to find.

Mystery, seems to be the keynote of the Finns. Their earliest history seems to date back to the days of Attila, the terrible Hun, whose favorite maxim is supposed to have been: "The grass never grows where my horse has trod." Thus the Finns are but a branch of that wild people who lived their free nomad life on the northern shores of the Euxine during the reigns of the late Roman emperors. What took place during Attila's campaigns in Europe up to the time of his death is sufficiently well known to any history student to need retelling here. What is of greater interest to us is the question of what happened to Attila's "enormous hordes" of men and women who, bereft of their leader seem to have been swallowed up entirely by the obscurity of the ages. It is here that a knowledge of languages and their origin is of great assistance to one who would study the relationship and origin of peoples, since it is upon linguistic similarities that scholars base their opinion that the Finns belong to the same race as the Magyars of Hungary, the Lithuanians and Latvians of the corresponding Baltic states, and some little-known peoples of Siberia.

After the death of Attila, his men, harried and pursued by the savage races of Central Europe, and undesirous to recross the Alps to reach their former home, were scattered over the face of Europe. So they ever pushed Northward. Some stayed in Central Europe near the banks of the Danube and their descendants have become known as the Magyars of Hungary. Others pushed further North and settled in Lithuania, Latvia and Finland, where they immediately seemed to have divested themselves of any resemblance to the fierce Huns and became instead a nation of agriculturists, hunters and merchants, dealing with countries as far away as Persia.

A little glimpse into the Finnish story of the formation of the universe, as it is told in Kalevala, the bible of the Finns, is interesting. As the story tells the Goddess of the air was swimming one day when she, thoroughly bored with herself, turned on her back and rested in the water with one knee a little above the water line. As she lay there a lone duck flew by, and looking for a place to rest, saw the maiden's knee, alighted and laid an egg. However, the egg broke, and from this was formed the universe; the yolk of the egg became the earth; the white part formed the seas and lakes, while the hard shell formed the sky onto which were hung the stars and moons and the sun. Then in proper order, at the command of Vainamoinen, their ancient god, there grew the grasses, trees and animals. Vainamoinen, the god of the old Finns, is always described as an old kind, yet sad looking man, in

whose arms there is always an enormous harp. By a queer quirk of humor, the Devil of the Finns was "the old woman" of the North, who caused all their troubles, froze their grain when she blew her cold breath over the land, stole their sun and hid it in a mountain cave, and everlastingly quarrelled with Vainamoinen. They do not seem to have had any definite ideas of the existence of Heaven or Hell, although they do believe in after-life. Thus they ascribed great powers unto their dead and tried by all means to gain their goodwill. Great festivals were held yearly in honour of the dead and at those festivals everyone served what would be regarded by the deceased as a special delicacy.

The Finns as a people are quiet, reserved and give the impression of stoicism bordering almost to fatalism. Yet this is merely an external foil which hides souls as fiery and passionate as those of the most impassioned Italian. The Finns are impulsive to a high degree, which impulsiveness of theirs is borne out by police records where murders ten times out of twelve are laid down to moments of blind fury, when the barbarian has shed his clothing of civilization and appears again in his stark, cruel nakedness, bent on annihilating an enemy. This same impulsiveness has earned for the Finns in America the cognomen of "Daredevils" in localities where they are more generally employed.

Other general characteristics of the Finns are their love of music and books. Finnish folk-songs are among the most beautiful in the world and their love of the harmony of sound is realized from the fact that they often, in moments of high emotional stress, turn to a poetic mode of expressing their thoughts and then they do it quite unconsciously. Their love for books is testified by the fact that before the World War in 1914, Finland prided herself on having the smallest percentage of illiterates in Europe.

Now, lest to the gentle reader this modest effort seems too laudatory in respect to the Finns, we shall apply as our excuse some Carlylean sentiment, since it happens also to be our own: "We love Finland as the country of our birth and love is always prone to magnify its object and though Canada has all the affection and respect of our hearts as our adopted land, still there is a wee corner of our soul reserved for that land where daylight dazzled our eyes for the first time."

LEMPI SOINI, 4A.

*Sweet produce of the pungent, leafy mould,
Born in your beauty, withered ere the year
Has reached its close, for you I have no tear—
You have no strength to linger in the cold.*

*And you, strong, silent friends, serene and bold,
Be not too proud, for Autumn soon is here,
And all that transient beauty, hard and sere,
Will strew the ground.—But I am stronger souled.*

*The fleeting year affects me not—though Earth
May change its hue each season, I remain
Changeless and free. Beauty I seek, and truth.
You stand unmoved. Sorrow I know, and mirth.
I labour that my fellow men may gain,
And find in that an everlasting youth.*

—R. E. Rashley, 4B, 1927; 4A, 1928.

ACTIVITIES

The Literary Society

ONE of the most important organizations of B.R.C.I. is the Literary Society. It provides various forms of recreation and training necessary for a well-rounded school life.

This year's accomplishments are notably successful. Throughout this time short programs have been presented in the auditorium at intervals of two weeks. The tone of these programs has been very excellent indeed, and in keeping with the aims of the society. Before Christmas an "Open Lit." was given and prior to Easter another one was presented. The latter was especially fine and both were well attended.

The manifold activities of the society include various contests which furnish excellent training to students. These include Elocution, Soprano Singing, Interpretative Reading, and Bryant Oratory. These contests were held in the auditorium under the auspices of the society, and keen interest has been shown in them. We are proud to point out Ruth Murray of 4A, who successfully carried off the district honors in Oratory. The Impromptu Speaking Contest while not under the auspices of the Literary Society, affords training in extemporary speaking, and the students have taken a keen interest in it.

Many factors have entered into this year's success. The efforts of the president, Gladys Halsall, the assistance of Mr. Agnew, staff representative,



B. R. C. I. LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—S. Landa, A. Holmes, K. Fulford, G. Halsall, R. Drinkle, I. Kirkpatrick,
J. Simmons.
Front Row—S. Butcher, E. McDavitt, H. Johnston, W. V. Agnew, M. Campbell,
R. Millhouse, F. Guppy.

an able executive, and the work of the various artists who helped to make the programs interesting, have all contributed to making this year outstanding. Added to this is the service rendered by the office in procuring the auditorium for the Society's use, as well as the enthusiastic support of the students.



LITERARY CONTEST WINNERS

Back Row—M. Maynes, W. Petty, T. Whitlam
Front Row—M. Oates, E. Mallin, R. Murray

The School Weiner Roast

SCENE One shows the usually tidy office of Bedford Road, one autumn afternoon, in a condition far from tidy. Weiners, buns, marshmallows, and other good things were spread out everywhere, forcing teachers and students alike to hop about in a very undignified manner. Shocking for a school office you'll say. Yes, but there was a reason!

Scene Two, laid on the river bank north of the C.P.R. bridge, gives us the answer to the outrage pictured in Scene One. Huge fires spread along the river bank cast weird shadows in all directions. Around these, hundreds of students were enjoying immensely the annual school weiner roast and were joyously celebrating the unheard-of miracle of having no homework. When the huge piles of weiners had disappeared, and the fires had sunk to glowing red embers, groups of entertainers began to perform at each fire. Everyone seemed to enjoy the skits and songs and in this way enthusiasm was kept high until the breakup for the evening. As a fitting climax to the whole event, everyone gathered round the huge Fourth Year fire and the quiet air was rent by the old school yell.

Scene Three shows the students straggling home, tired but happy. Everyone felt a new urge to go on and face the hard term before them for now they seemed to have a deeper insight into the real Bedford spirit.

Athletic Concert

THE Seventh Annual Athletic Concert, advertised at the Sixth Annual was an important event of the year 1929-30 at Bedford Road Collegiate. It was held on the nights of April 10 and 11 in the auditorium before audiences totalling in all, over twelve hundred people.

The outstanding comedy, "Peg o' My Heart," directed by Mr. Humphries, was the main feature of the programme. The play centred around the coming of Margaret O'Connell, better known as "Peg", to the home of Mrs. Chichester. "Peg" is at first received coldly by the Chichester family, but she finally succeeds in making friends with everyone, and even falls in love with Jerry, a friend of the family.

The cast of this year's play was: Seda Singer, Jack Hopkins, Thelma Whitlam, Don Bate, Margaret Maynes, John Patrick, Ted Carson, Margaret McQueen, and Bill Bartholomew, all of whom played their parts exceedingly well. Seda Singer as "Peg" and Don Bate as "Alaric" were particularly outstanding in their handling of these heavy roles.

During the intermissions, gymnastic displays were given by a group of girls under the direction of Miss MacDonald, and by a group of boys under the direction of Mr. Pullen. Both of these displays were very well given, showing a great deal of ability on the part of both the directors and the tumblers.

The proceeds of the concert will go towards the spring sports of Bedford Road Collegiate, and the school as a whole owes its appreciation to the director of the play for his patient and untiring efforts which made the play such a great success, as well as to the others who contributed to the success of the concert.



T. Whitlam, D. Bate, M. McQueen, W. Bartholomew, R. V. Humphries (Director), J. Patrick, J. Hopkins, M. Maynes, T. Carson. Seated—Seda Singer.

Commencement

*"Days you never will forget,
Days you never will regret,
Rare old, fair old, Commencement days."*

The Seventh Annual Commencement was held on the afternoon of November 29, 1929, in the school auditorium.

A large and enthusiastic gathering was presided over by Mr. A. Bowman and other members of the board. The spirit of the chairman's remarks to some six hundred students, was the value of hard work and honest toil.

The Albani Choir, under the leadership of Mr. F. Stevenson, provided the opening number of the programme. Following this Mr. Bowman presented the Leadership Awards, and Mr. S. A. Early, the Commercial Awards. Next was a violin solo by Miss Eleanor Agnew, which was heartily encored. Then followed the presentation of the Academic Awards by Mr. C. W. McCool.

The chief feature of the afternoon was the address given by Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, Premier and Minister of Education of the province. Expressing his opinion on Homework, the Premier said High School students would benefit only if they meant business. Another matter which he referred to was the announcement of marks at the departmental examinations. As regards the Technical School, the Premier said he was very pleased that such action had been taken and he felt it was in the best interests of the city. A thought which the Premier left with the students was the advisability of determining some future goal towards which they might strive. This would require careful consideration, but would ensure greater happiness and success.

Principal Speers was received with the usual enthusiasm when he arose to give his Annual Report. After the presentation of the Athletic Awards by Mr. H. A. Ebbels, the programme closed with another number from the Choir.

Girls' Tumbling Team



The Debating Club



THE DEBATING CLUB, 1929—1930

Back Row—J. Cuthbert, M. Sharzer, Tom Seddon, J. Hopkins, J. Buck, M. Ostoforoff,
B. Bridgewater.
Middle Row—R. Murray, M. Katarenchuk, M. Maynes, M. Stein, N. Astbury, J. McMaster,
C. Burbidge, P. Baillie.
Front Row—J. L. McKinnon, L. Kopperud, E. Guthrie, M. Oates, H. Kemp, A. McNair,
N. Miller, A. Coulter, M. Carrington, P. E. C. Ecob

THIS organization had a very successful season in the school year 1929-30. The debates, generally speaking, were quite good and a very great interest was displayed by the members of the student body. In all, six debates were held, the series commencing on November 22, 1929, and ending on Friday, April 4th, 1930.

In the elimination contests between the forms of the Third and Fourth Years, 3C defeated 4C, 3 Commercial defeated 4B, 4A defeated 3B, and 3A defeated 3C. In the semi-final debate, 3 Commercial defeated 4A. The final debate was between 3A, represented by Bert Bridgewater and Jean McMaster and 3 Commercial represented by Anna Coulter and Marjorie Carrington. The topic was "Resolved, that the medical profession should be licensed, controlled and employed by the State." The judges were: Rev. E. A. Chester, Dr. Willard Holmes, and Mr. Spencer Early. The debate was of the same high standard as those which had preceded it, both sides giving evidence of careful preparation. Dr. Holmes, in an able and witty speech, which was much appreciated by the audience, gave the decision of the judges in favor of Third Commercial. Following this announcement, Mr. J. L. McKinnon presented the McKinnon-Ecob Debating Shield to the winners. Much of the credit for the success of the Club is due of Janet Miller and Alice McNair, both of 4B, who presided over the meetings with tact, dignity and efficiency. Thanks are also due to the members of the staff who acted as judges in five debates, to the members

of the student body who contributed to the programs, to the three gentlemen above mentioned who so ably judged the final debate, and to Mr. Ecob who so very efficiently guided the destinies of the club.

The Girls' Banquet

*"The guests are met,
The feast is set.
May'st hear the merry din."*

It was a merry gathering of girls that made the walls of our spacious auditorium echo with their laughter. The "old and sedate" Seniors had prepared to initiate the new students into the mysteries of collegiate life.

After the initiation and the judging of the costumes, the guests sat down to banquet at five, artistically decorated tables.

During the progress of the evening, Gladys Halsall, the Toast-mistress, called for toasts to the "King," the "New Girls," and the "B.R.C.I. Boys." The I.O.D.E. pins were then presented by Mrs. Hawkins, the Senior Pin was received by Mildred Craik, and Thelma McGowan was given the Permanent Pin. Pleasing greetings from City Park, Nutana, and the University were given by Peggy Duncan, Annie Rennie, and Helen Thompson. A greatly appreciated address was given by Mrs. Munro. After the presentation of the Athletic Awards by Mrs. Ebbels, some of the girls contributed to the programme. Lorna Postlewaite and May Halsall favoured the gathering with a violin duet. The new girls added interest to the programme in the form of four amusing stunts.

The singing of "God Save the King" brought to a close a very successful Girls' Banquet.

Bedford Road Collegiate Orchestra

MUSIC is an essential part of school life, and Bedford is very fortunate in possessing as well as a successful Choir, a newly-formed orchestra.

The first practice was held on January 30th, under the leadership of Mr. George C. Palmer, who had kindly consented to conduct the orchestra. At this meeting, Keith Fulford was elected President and Lawrence Peaker, Secretary-Treasurer. It was decided to hold weekly practices every Thursday at four o'clock. This resulted in a splendid performance of the orchestra at the Open Lit. when they rendered the two selections, "Aloha" (W. A. Quincke) and "Romanza" (Rose Enersole).

The members of the orchestra, and the instruments played by each are: Piano, Keith Fulford; Saxophone, Ernest Summers; Banjo, Ray Hume (who was prevented by a case of mumps from performing with the others); Violins, Tom Seddon, Edna Beveridge, Irving Soloway, Almira Olson, and Fred Lambert; Trombone, Lawrence Peaker; Drums, Bill Scott. Miss Palmer assisted with the 'cello.

Much credit should be given to Mr. Brown of the staff, who was instrumental in bringing the orchestra into being and in obtaining Mr. Palmer as leader.

After its performance, the orchestra disbanded for the season, but it is hoped that early next year it will recommence with an increased membership.

Mr. Palmer must be congratulated on the excellent performance the orchestra made in such a short time.

The Boys' Annual Banquet

*"Grieving's a folly,
Come, let us be jolly."*

On December 16, 1929, the boys gathered again for their annual banquet. Ex-Mayor Norman, Mr. C. W. McCool, representatives from the other colleges and the gentlemen teachers were the guests of the evening.

The comfortable way in which the "freshies" wore their baby clothes seemed to reassure the Seniors that their prophecy was coming true—every year they are younger. During the initiation, however, they redeemed themselves by bravely accepting the ordeals to which they were subjected.

Mr. McCool very ably acted as Toastmaster, and during the course of the evening, toasts were proposed and responded to: "Our School," "Our Graduates," "The Other Collegiates," "Our Freshmen," and "Our Girls."

Bert Sharp received the Senior Watch, presented by Ex-Mayor Norman. The presentation of the Athletic Awards was made by Mr. J. Macklem. Musical numbers from the boys of the school and contributions from Mr. F. Wycherley and Mr. A. Anderson were greatly appreciated.

The Banquet over, another bright spot was added to, "Memories of School Days."



BOYS' TUMBLING TEAM

Back Row—A. Tooth, T. Jenes, P. Oakman, R. Dennison
2nd Row—G. Richardson, Mr. Pullen, C. Patterson
Front Row—G. Snyder, C. Craik, B. Smith.



Back Row—B. Chambers, V. Treleaven, M. McDougall, M. Robinson, D. Reid, G. Whitlam, E. Ross, M. Paskatuk, A. Adolph, D. Myers, A. Olsen.
 Fourth Row—A. Bryce, S. Singer, P. Forsdick, M. McTavish, J. Colwill, M. Brown, M. Glazebrook, M. Irwin, B. Padley, O. Thiesen, P. Kalyu.
 Third Row—N. Beerling, E. Myers, W. Wedge, G. Little, E. Wylie, J. McMaster, F. Brown, M. Craik, M. Cross, S. Butcher, E. Bourne, I. Comani,
 E. Kirkebeck, C. Bourne.
 Second Row—E. Rowlett, M. Lewis, M. Gore, M. Craik (Pres.), F. Stevenson (Conductor), M. McCaul, Miss H. MacDonald (Treasurer), G. Halsall,
 R. Millhouse.
 Front Row—N. Ferris, E. Gemmel, H. Proctor, D. Dixon, B. Edighoffer, V. Cairns, L. Eidem.

ALBANI CHOIR



AMONG other factors of our school mechanism, Bedford has a Girls' Choir of which we may well feel proud. Early in the fall, some sixty-five girls assembled for their annual organization. At this meeting, Mildred Craik was elected president; Gladys Halsall, vice-president; Mildred McCaul, secretary, and Miss H. MacDonald, treasurer. Under the administration of this executive, plans were immediately formulated for the 1929-30 activities which include the participation of the Choir in the Provincial Musical Festival in May.

An outstanding feature of their activities was the charming Valentine Tea, held February 15, when the school auditorium was converted into a delightful *Jardin à Thé*. The tables were arranged artistically in heart-shape, and centred with attractive gayly coloured plants, kindly loaned by the Saskatoon Nursery. Some two hundred guests signed the register which was presided over by Miss Jean Dickson. While Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. Early, Mrs. Bate, Mrs. McGregor, Miss Gregory, and Miss I. Dickson, assisted in pouring tea and coffee. During the afternoon an interesting programme was enjoyed by the guests.

Besides assisting at the Commencement Exercises in the Fall, the Choir in conjunction with the Pauline Choir produced a programme of much charm at their Annual Concert.

Much of the success of the Choir is attributed to Mr. Stevenson, Conductor; and Mr. P. C. Klaehn, Business Manager.

The Albani-Pauline Concert

THE local auditorium was the scene of a unique musical performance on March 28, when the Albani Choir of Bedford and the Pauline Choir of Nutana, combined to give a concert in aid of the festival funds.

The artistry of the performance may be expressed in the words of the Press:

"The concert of March 28, proved that the choirs have as good material as ever. Young voices have a resonant ring that is ever charming. In this combined choir the tone was sweet and unforced, the balance good, and the enunciation excellent."

The first numbers by the Choir were: a two-part song, "Sing a Light and Cheerful Lay" (Nicol), and "There's nae luck about the hoose," the old Scotch song with a descant arranged on the other Scotch tune, "The Bluebells of Scotland." These were sung with brightness and rhythmic charm, in contrast with the slower movement of the lovely "Celtic Lullaby" (Robertson).

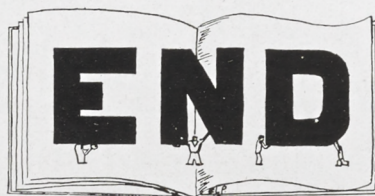


The second group had Rubinstein's "Melody in F" set to words, written in two-part harmony: "All through the Night," with descant; and a very intricate arrangement of "Robin Adair," which was handled in a splendidly efficient manner.

Other choruses were: "The Flight of the Earls", "The River", a three-part song that affords much opportunity for many shades of tone-colour, and a delightful arrangement of "O Dear What Can the Matter Be?", which was rendered with such spontaneity that it was insistently encored.

Assisting on the programme were: Misses Freda Bradley, Margaret Maynes, Lorraine Massey, Orpha Schwager, Vivian Collard, Thelma Whitlam, and Beatrice Padley.

Before the last chorus, Mr. Francis Stevenson, conductor, and Mr. Percy Klaehn, business manager of the Albani Choir were persented with mementos of the occasion.





First Year-Scientific Expedition Reaches Safety

Under the guidance of Miss I. Dickson, and Messrs. Headley, McEown and Agnew.

The great First Year Expedition is nearing safety after many months of adventure, spent in the seething, living jungle of Central Bedford. Stories of our adventures would seem like fantastic fairy tales to the outer world.

Marching, stumbling, gasping for breath, we fought our way onward to a land where a noble class of mankind had entered before, and forced the country to give them a livelihood.

In our passage through the land we were surrounded by innumerable dangers. Great swamps of Chemistry, French and History threatened to suck us under. Giant Algebra snakes and Composition Rhinos beset our trail, to say nothing of the giant bull elephant, popularly known as Detention, which attacked and overcame certain persons whom we know!

Weary and travel-worn, we rested at such times known to the outer world as Christmas and Easter. At these times our minds were tormented by the terrifying experiences which we had recently endured, namely, receiving our average and rank. Some of us found it impossible and very unhealthy to tramp through the desert of Latin, even under the competent guidance of Mr. P. E. C. Ecob, and we were forced to return to the shades of the jungle.

Before we had gone very far in our research work in Central Bedford, we spent one very enjoyable evening on the banks of a well known river, where we became better acquainted, and enjoyed weiners and buns. Then once more we resumed our tiresome journey.

In our research work we were divided into four groups. Several times members of group B were attracted by the mirage of Truancy, only to be later disillusioned. Others were renowned for their skill in a peculiar game, played on solidified water.

Walter Parkinson of group C won fame by his unpremeditated outburst of speech, and L. L. Peaker wooed forth sounds from a strange instrument, thereby chasing away evil spirits.

Group D were favored in having with them Thelma Whitlam, who distinguished herself in elocution contests held during the journey.

One day to our great joy, a plane was sighted, initialled "First Year Party." We looked forward to its landing with much excitement, but to our great disappointment it circled and disappeared.

The most trying circumstances were encountered in the tropical forests of homework. Many of the most worthy people of the expedition were badly bruised while stumbling through the dense growth. Our faithful guides, otherwise known as teachers, never tired in their enterprise of leading us along the way.



And so, with zealous fervour, we press onward, for, beyond that ridge of mountains—the June exams.—lie the holidays. Our journey will then be ended.

Academic First Year Forms



Second Year Notes

Ding-a-ling! All a-board for Academic No. 2 Bedford Continental. All a-board!

September the first, we were off. Yes, off to seek adventure, brave perils and obtain knowledge. At 9 o'clock, just as Bedford Continental pulled out, everyone dashed for the back seats of cars 2, 3, 5 or 9. Some said, "Come on, let's go to Miss Gregory's Carriage"; others exclaimed, "Miss Dickson's Car!" while the Latin lovers dashed for cover in Mr. Ecob's Compartment and the Historians took comfort in Mr. Fisher's Pullman.

The whistle again blew and we were now moving with Mr. Speers as our trusty engineer and Mr. Brown as brakeman (who was frantically rushing around acquainting himself with everyone). The excitement was general for the first day of our journey and for a while we knew only fun, picking of partners and getting acquainted with our neighbors without the sight of the red signal Detention.

A general stir was known throughout the train as Allan Holmes, John McDonald, Jack Russell, and Jack Gibbs, the porters announced a celebration with weiners and buns to satisfy our craving hunger. We became well acquainted there but next morning we returned to the train to continue our studies.

Speaking of Chem., one bright day Jack Robertson of Coach C was entertaining us with his rising profession as a juggler, when to our dismay the ink bottles, of which juggling was the object, missed their mark and landed on the floor, badly marring the walls with blue! Quite a splash, eh? Of course Mr. McGregor, our able fireman, intervened and the result will be left to your imaginations.

Many a red and green light was seen on our way as we passed the stations, which warned us of our approaching dangers.

One bright winter's eve we stopped off at Station X-M-A-S for a few weeks and when we once more boarded the train, we were better replenished and showed it.

We followed the daily routine of our journey's work until a notice creating much excitement was bulletined. We donned our finery and with much merriment our second year party was a huge success.

One day as we ventured through a tunnel of despair, we were met with a hold-up, a sudden disappearance of chalk from the ledges of Car C. The famous detective, Mr. McGregor, was informed of the matter and of course, as is usual with all so-called famous detectives, the intruder was not caught.

Arthur Hayes and Vina Hill of Car A were practicing for track when Arthur's somewhat overgrown foot crashed through the glass door.

Car D are known for their Historians and new passengers picked up on the way; while Car B are noted for their brilliance. Car A, wishing to be different, has attempted to keep a decent reputation; while Car C has no reputation to keep except for Detention slips and disturbing rackets.

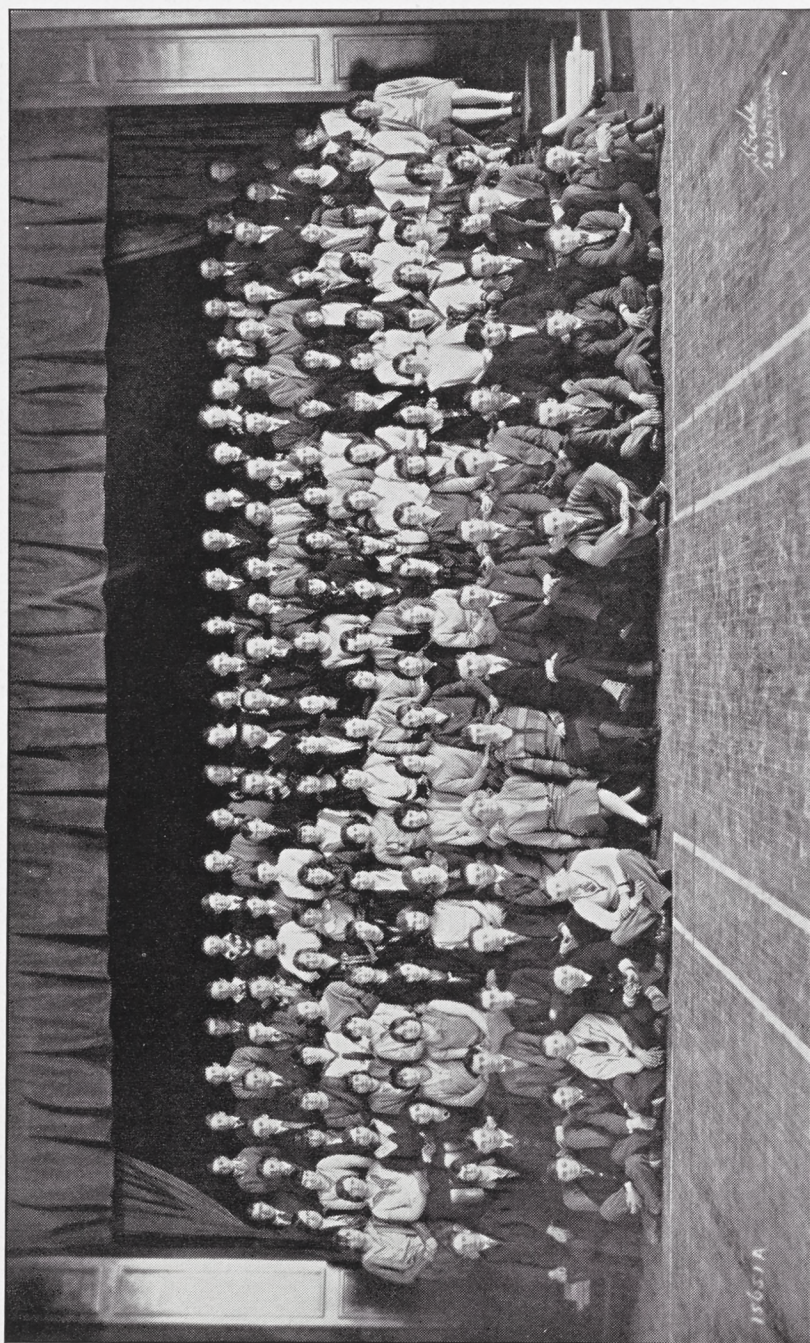
The train stopped for all too brief a period during which the pupils partook of innocent pleasures, and some of the younger passengers chased Easter Rabbits.

Lights are ahead! We see our destination, sandy beaches, shimmering water and shady trees. Our excursion is nearly ended. The water, and bathing suits, soon to be released from moth attacks, are waiting.

Don't fail to get a letter of introduction to next year's excursion. We are going now, and hope to see you all again next year. We are 2 A, B, C, and D.



Academic Second Year Forms



Third Year Notes

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.—

Setting.—Upper hall of Bedford Road Collegiate, September 1.....Groups of students are wandering along the hall noisily discussing the merits of Physics and Chemistry. Some cast their evil eye on a Physics text, and, apparently hypnotized by it, enter Room 19, and become known as “The Wretched Rep-tiles of Three Aye.” Others are attracted by the unfortunate aspect of Room 13, but soon from the remotest corners may be heard joyous shouts of: “Behold the Happy Specimens of Three Bee.” Others, yet again, find themselves under the watchful eye of Mr. Macdonald, so have been appropriately called “Three See.”

First Speaker (to excited group of students): But I contend that Mr. Humphries is the very best teacher in the school.

Second Speaker: Oh Yeah! Well Mr. MacLennan can make anyone so interested in X's and Y's that they dream of Algebra.

Third Speaker: But Mr. Macdonald—(a pause, then triumphantly)—his stern “If you will” will wake even the drowsiest student for a moment.

Fourth Speaker: Let the matter drop until we know them better.

Second Speaker: Have you heard that the President of 3B is Walter Shakotko? And we have the cleverest students in the school in our room. Behold! In a front seat sits Marguerite Epp, who won the General Proficiency Medal last year; here is our noted chemist, Gordon Lewis; and there is our class humorist, Morris Koffman; Clara Burbidge and Jack Hopkins took part in our debate—but lost.

First Speaker: Not so fast!! Our president is Jack Cuthbert; Winnie Wedge has excelled in studies; Abe Zaitlen is a star in athletics; Myer Sharzer, our Vice-President; Jean MacMaster and Bert Bridgewater debated, the latter being in the finals.

Third Speaker: Oh! but you should see our President, Cliff Roseborough. Ruth Millhouse, Reuben Drinkle and Keith Fulford are on the Executive of the Literary Society; Alda Adolphe is on the Athletic Association executive; our four debaters were Pearl Bailey, Mac Ostoforoff, Nancy Astbury and Paul Landa; and you should see Roseborough's solutions in Geometry—they are shorthand, indeed.

SCENE 2—

Setting—A typical Third Year Class Room.

Time—Five minutes to nine. Panic

First Speaker: Gimme that Algebra! Has the first bell gone yet? Say somebody, lend me his Latin! I've had detention for a week now and—(His voice is drowned by someone calling) “Open the window till I throw out my chest.” (Teacher enters.)

Teacher: Why all this rioting?

Pupil: Like Shakespeare, sir, we do not concern ourselves with motives.

First Speaker to Second: I am weary of the world, checked by the teacher with my name entered in a note book. I am detained for upholding the name of Shakespeare.

Teacher: You mention Shakespeare in a flippant manner.

First Speaker: Sir! I love the spirit of Shakespeare and it is apparent in all my associations with mankind.

Teacher: But it is not apparent in the classroom—summarize Scene 2 for tomorrow.



Commercial First Year



1 C. B. had in its compartment the Giggiequick family, consisting of Dorothy Field (Prof.), next in rank, Hazel Dorrow, and Genevieve Farrell.

What was that wind? Why, it came from Robert Lawrence of I C. A., spilling off his knowledge of grammar. After many brave efforts, Alex Edwards was rescued from the storm clouds of Detention.

Our journey is nearly completed, our purpose almost accomplished. Through a dim mist of June exams, Holiday Land gleams. We feel confident that by hard work we will be successful at June and we hope that whatever the clouds of the future veil, it may be as pleasant and beneficial as this first year we have spent in the friendly Dirigible of B.R.C.I.

2 C. A. Notes

Station B.R.C.I. broadcasting the 2 C. A. morning music hour.

Introducing our new peppy orchestra, "The Golden Tone 38", ably led by W. J. D. Fulford Esq., with the selection "Heconomics." Now the red-hot number by Fred Gould entitled "Keep Your Funny Side Up" accompanied by Laura with her well-known gum. Eeek-swish hurrray! Here's Tom Baillie with a gramophone playing "Happy Days Ain't Here No More." W-h-i-z bang. Next is a snappy fox trot "Turn on the Heat" dedicated to Mr. Fulford by his orchestra. K-r-a-k-o, k-r-a-k-o, k-r-a-k-o. The "Old Ladies' Quartette" of Vera, Helen, Irene and Maxine will now giggle through "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet." R-a-t-t-l-e. The final number is a lullaby sung by Messrs. Pete Duncanson and Vic Catherwood, "I'm a Dreamer," accompanied by those in the Orchestra who aren't asleep.

Twist your dial to the 2 C. B. noon hour program.

"Hello everybody, this—" crash-bang-bump—"just a minute, wait till I see what the fight is about. Oh! it's all right, the boys just noticed Muriel Gilby coming into the studio." Well, as I was saying, this is 2 C.B.'s noonday program.—"Tiptoe Through the Tulips with Me." "Excuse me, folks, that is Mike, not static, as you might suppose; well, to continue, this is 2 C. B.'s noon-day program." Rat-rat-rattle. "Please, Beatrice, can't you wait until some other time to think up those Lit. answers? Our first number will be 'Class, take your seats at once, don't you know the first bell has gone?' And of course, first bell means the end of our broadcast. So long."

Signing off until the 2 C. C. supper hour.

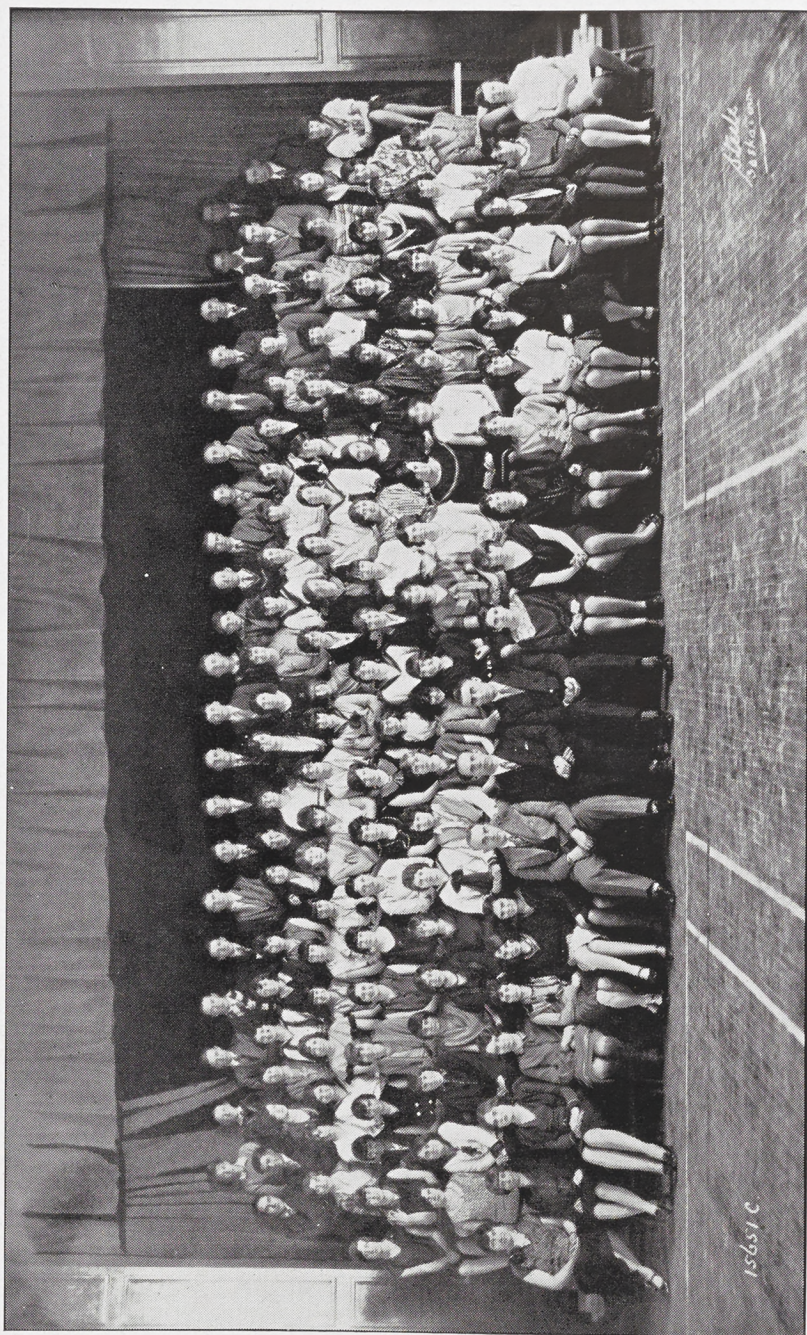
Well, folks, here we are again. Let us introduce 2 C. C.'s symphony orchestra, with Violet tickling the ivories. Who's that hooting in the corner? Oh—that's just Lillian tuning up her saxophone. Winnie and Frances are the cause of all that scratching, trying to play the violins. The uproar at the back is only Annie showing her strength on her big drum. "2 C. C. get ready to move." Oh, there goes our bass 'cello, Mr. Klaehn, announcing that last bell has rung, which we never seem to hear. Toodle-loo, until our next.

That concludes our announcements for the term 1929-30.

GOOD-NIGHT EVERYBODY.



Second Year Commercial Forms





Class Notes, 3 Commercial A

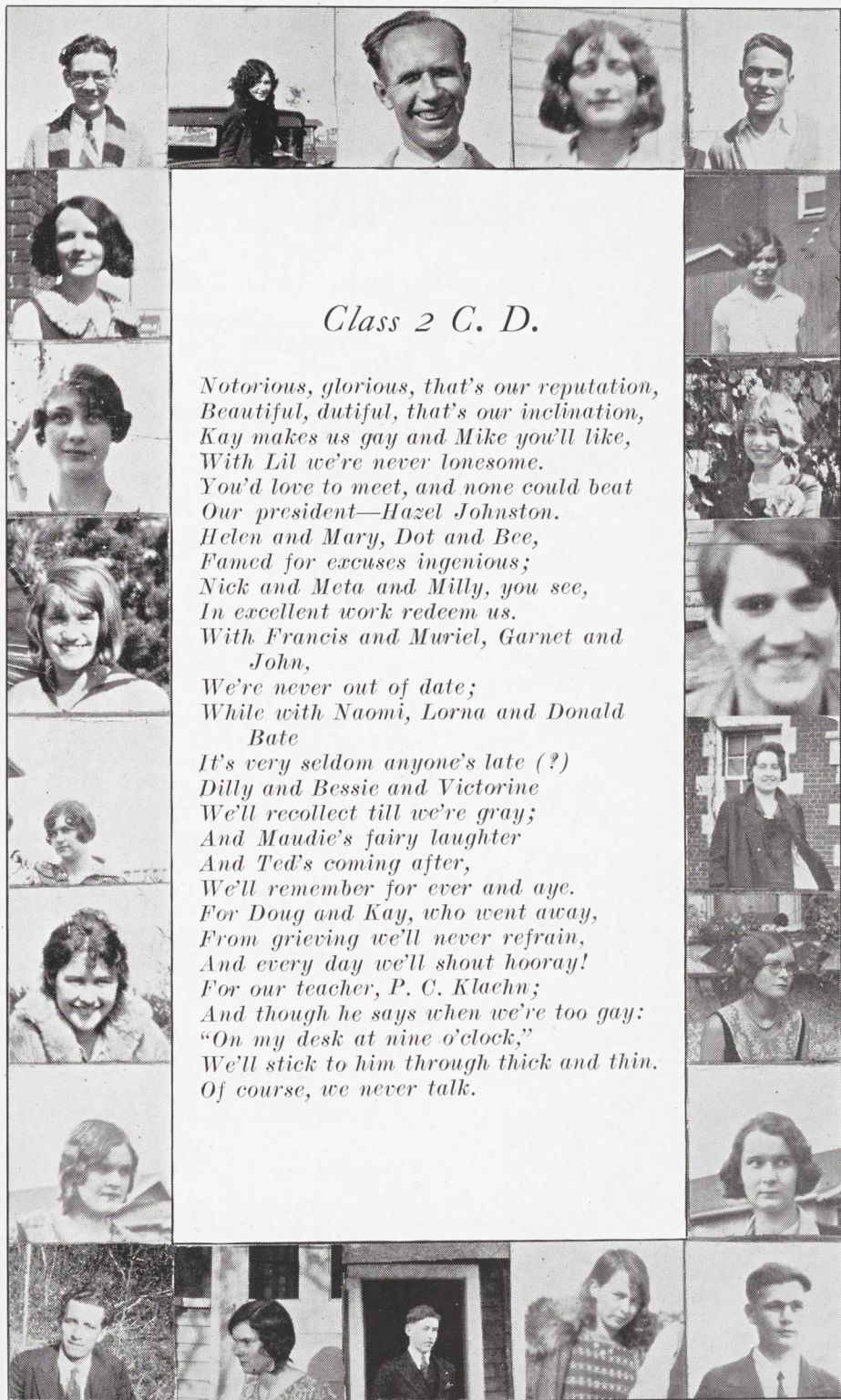
ON September 4th, 1929, the good ship 3-C.A. left the harbor to sail across the sea of Knowledge, attempting to reach the land of Graduation, under the watchful eyes of A. R. MacKenzie, our able-bodied captain, and the excellent assistance of our First Mate, Marguerite Hobson, not to mention our second mate, Arthur Olson, who has the additional burden of Fee Collector.

Everything looked bright until our first obstacle, an iceberg, known as Bookkeeping, blocked our passage. Then the oncoming vessels of Law, Literature, and Composition gradually drew nearer. We steered our way clear of the iceberg when suddenly we faced the rapids of Stenography. Ploughing our way clear of these rapids we suddenly dropped over the waterfall of History.

Another obstacle which darkened our voyage was that of Debating. But this we soon conquered by the help of some of the voyagers, namely: Helen Kemp, Maisie Oates, Lillian Kopperud, Elsie Guthrie, Anna Coulter, Marjorie Carrington.

3 COMMERCIAL B.
 B. B. C. I.
 1929-30.

Print by Thompson Studio
 1929-30



Class 2 C. D.

*Notorious, glorious, that's our reputation,
Beautiful, dutiful, that's our inclination,
Kay makes us gay and Mike you'll like,
With Lil we're never lonesome.*

*You'd love to meet, and none could beat
Our president—Hazel Johnston.*

*Helen and Mary, Dot and Bee,
Famed for excuses ingenious;
Nick and Meta and Milly, you see,
In excellent work redeem us.*

*With Francis and Muriel, Garnet and
John,*

*We're never out of date;
While with Naomi, Lorna and Donald
Bate*

It's very seldom anyone's late (?)

Dilly and Bessie and Victorine

We'll recollect till we're gray;

And Maudie's fairy laughter

And Ted's coming after,

We'll remember for ever and aye.

For Doug and Kay, who went away,

From grieving we'll never refrain,

And every day we'll shout hooray!

For our teacher, P. C. Klachn;

And though he says when we're too gay:

"On my desk at nine o'clock,"

We'll stick to him through thick and thin.

Of course, we never talk.



SENIORS AND ALUMNI



Big Fourth Year Trial Looms Ahead *Defendants Optimistic*

DESPITE the big trial examinations of their efficiency which looms ahead, the three fourth year "firms" are confident of honorable acquittal.

They have procured for their defense and counsel the three eminent lawyers, Mr. Hammersley, Mr. Carson and Mr. McKinnon, assisted by their great and no-less famous deputies, Mr. MacLennan, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Ecob, Mr. McGregor, Miss Dickson, Miss Gregory, and Mr. Humphries. With these notable counsellors, the defendants can only hold the greatest optimism as to the outcome.

The season's preliminaries have been noted for their bursts of Irish wit and spirit issuing from the lips of our famous

Irish patriot, Major Carson, Mr. McKinnon, our earnest and sincere Historian has long been commended upon his good management and tact in preserving his state of bachelorhood although our paper would caution him to be careful during leap years.

Mr. Hammersley is famous for his Biological knowledge and his high standard as Frog-Coroner. Like Mr. Carson, he is married.

It is worthy of note that firms should procure these men for counsellors, when one considers the numerous sentences in Room One they have imposed during the year for Petty Infractions of the law.

This paper sees fit to give the standing of the defendants and touch upon the great odds they are about to face.

The Charge has been laid against the three Fourth Year firms both individually and as a whole. Having briefly touched upon the merits of the defending counsel, let us consider the firms separately, giving a brief outline of their achievements. They will be tried on their observance of the many Laws in the several departments of Language, Science and Mathematics. Let us consider them in their separate firms.



*"She is so winsome and so wise,
She sways us at her will."*

Known as "Kay." Her curly hair is indicative of numerous brainwaves.

— * —

*"A little upright, pert, tart, tripping
wight."*

The girl of the giant intellect, who spends her nights perusing encyclopedias, and her days replying to interrogations most explicitly.

*"Keeps his counsel, does his duty;
Cleaves to friend and loveth beauty."*

President of the Athletic Council and defensive mainstay for the Intermediate basketballers.

— * —

*"Surely there was ne'er a soul so brimmed
with love and witchery."*

Quiet, cheerful, and champion of the running broad grin. Her pet aversion is algebra.

— * —

"Here is maid very winsome and fair."

A favorite in 4A. A historian of note almost vying with Myers in this respect.

— * —

*"A woman's heart made pure and sanctified
by grace."*

Helen, our diligent and hard-working student, ever remains retiring and modest.

— * —

*"Her spirit filled with fancy roaming free,
Yet true and tender and of humor rare!"*

Who's the Senior Pin girl? President of 4A? Editor of our Lantern? Who's the sweetest of girls?—Mildred!

— * —

"She broods on wonderful things."

Dorothy exemplifies kind-heartedness and is ever ready with a helping hand. True, she has a quiet sense of humor.

— * —

*"If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'."*

A vigorous tennis player, no mean hand at hockey, and excels as a sprinter.

— * —

*"And still to her charms she alone is a
stranger,*

Her modest demeanor's the jewel o' all."

We know she is quiet, we know she is modest, but then we know she thinks.

— * —

*"Let your fair eyes and gentle wishes
go with me to my trial."*

Norah's in the witness box. Though she is Irish, her temperament fails to show it.

— * —

*"And your laughter, the brightest and
clearest,*

O gravest and gayest of girls."

Beth stands firm by her own convictions which are well worth hearing. Reserved, yet affectionate.

— * —

"She has the jewel of a loyal heart."

Our Lillian's side-kick, who cannot be persuaded regarding the excellence of Chemistry, despite many "proofs."

— * —

*"She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk
with,*

And pleasant too, to think on."

A popular 4A-ite, and indeed a good scout.

— * —

*"But a deeper dusk was burning in her dark
and dreaming eyes."*

Artistically persevering in regard to those "bug" charts. Yes ma'am, she's learning to wink.

— * —

*"She's as charming a girl as ever you'd meet,
With her quiet manner and smile so sweet."*

Whose quiet ways belie her accomplishments. President of the "Lit." Vice-President of Albani.





"Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Auburn tresses wreathed in one."
That alluring little girl is our "petite Lil-
lian," whose many charms rank her as one
of 4A's beauties.

— * —

"Serious her face, modest her mien,
Whose thoughts keep pace with gentleness."
The possessor of an extensive vocabulary
of words, which goes on "ad infinitum."

— * —

"His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold."
4A's versatile athlete. He has so-called
aspirations to be a surgeon. Good luck!

— * —

"Or whether sad or joyous be her hours,
Yet ever is she good and ever fair."
Annie's quiet manner is a pillar of reli-
ability at all times.

— * —

"On friend or foe,
He cast no shadow of intolerance."
An efficient scholar and our budding chem-
ist, who has a capacity for blushing.

— * —

"The sun and the wind are akin to her,
And she is akin to June."
Known as "Mickey," on account of her
charming smile. T.P. President, prominent
in Dramatics and debates.

— * —

"A miniature of loveliness, all grace,
Summ'd up and 'closed in little."
"Good things come in small parcels." In
her element where the fine-arts are con-
cerned.

— * —

"Her eyes are deepest wells of hidden things.
Brown pools, dark fringed with subtle
mystery."

Our shy, Highland lassie, whose artistic
talent will place her among the great, we
think.

— * —

"A child, sweet in purity."
A charming lady, who has the finest genu-
ine rosy cheeks, as well as an abhorrence
for the frog's digestive system.

— * —

"My spirits grow dull and fain I would
The tedious hours with sleep beguile."
George is a rather quiet and retiring fel-
low, who shows up well in a hockey or rugby
game.

— * —

"He wad hecht a' honest heart
Wad ne'er desert a friend."
Johnny may be quiet in the classroom, but
he's a shark at basketball.

— * —

"The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."
A lady of amazing vivacity. As usual,
however, Evelyn will speak for herself.

— * —

"He sings for love of the season,
When the days grow warm and long."
Hails from Radisson, but admits that Sas-
katoon isn't so bad. A big sturdy lad, and
fine athlete.

— * —

"The greatest fellow you ever saw to racket
and raise a noise."
The big noise of 4A (to be taken literally).
A Percy Williams in the bud.



*"Few hearts like his with nature warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."*

"Skinny" is a bright student, artistically inclined; a good athlete.

— * —

"Thou hast wit, and fun, and fire."

A young lady whose vivacity keeps 4A in a constant state of trepidation. Her beaming smile cheers the heart.

— * —

*"Her future rises fair to view,
Gleaming with morning's youthful dew."*

Grace's excellence as a student is renowned.

— * —

*"Her smiles a gift farce boon the lift
That makes us mair than princes."*

Charming and demure Enid Rowlett, whose name, 'tis true, rhymes with coquette.

— * —

*"The man o' independent mind;
He looks and laughs at a' that."*

On the rugby team; plays guard in basketball; a tennis enthusiast; Senior Watch. 'Nuff said!

— * —

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Maybe he isn't Irish! George has played rugby, hockey and baseball for the school. A lad of few words and much action.

— * —

*"A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life."*

She's not afraid to smile! Well known for her cheerful and willing aid on all occasions.

— * —

*"And no one had a better heart anywhere
about."*

Interesting but unassuming, a native of Finland, with a bountiful supply of humor and a wonderful control of English.

— * —

*"She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall,
And long has had my heart in thrall."*

There when it comes to debating; a real worker who yet finds time to help some one along.

— * —

*"And that innocent brow that discloses
A wisdom more lovely than ours."*

Retiring, dark-eyed Ella, whose quiet air and modest demeanor enriches us with her presence.

— * —

*"Slender as a sapling pine, in sympathy with
all God's creatures."*

A dainty miss, who dislikes homework, but bears it with a smile.

— * —

*"White violet within the close-drawn wood,
Nun-like, pale and shy."*

This is our charming, dark-haired Vivian, whose ability has placed her high in 4A's esteem.

— * —

*"Through a cloud of dusky tresses,
Like a star shines out her face."*

Here is the soft-spoken, serious-minded Grace, whose diligence is a polar star in 4A.

— * —

*"Truth, Beauty, Love, in these are formed a
ring embracing most of virtue."*

Margaret's quiet and pleasant personality has been a splendid addition to 4A.





CECIL ADAIR—A quiet studious young chap who thinks a History class is worse than three Waterloo's. He also thinks a French consonant is something like an accordion with strings on.

— * —

EDWARD ANDERSON—A good student, of shy disposition; he left school at Easter and is now making trapeziums and parabolic curves with a horse and plow.

— * —

DEAN A. BELL—A well known athlete. He plays (?) a sax. and is the proud possessor of an ancient and dilapidated Ford. Take out some life insurance and come for a drive is his slogan.

— * —

JESSIE BILESKE—The only real blonde in the class; who wonders what kind of curves figures of speech have and why; much to Mr. Carson's annoyance.

— * —

MARGARET BORTHWICK—Very timid and reserved; her one great weakness is Chemistry. She prescribes H_2SO_4 as a cure for numerous ailments among the teachers.

— * —

ANNIE BOYKO—She admits that the bugs and frogs forming a section of Mr. Hammersley's great family are her own great weaknesses, which shows she's good natured.

— * —

ELMA BURLEY—A good student in Mathematics; another person who's weak in History. She thinks Alex. the Great would have been far more successful if he'd used an armoured car in the battle of Arbela.

— * —

GRACE E. CAMPBELL—Silence personified should be Grace's second name, although she has a pleasant disposition and is a good student.

— * —

RUTH COAD—A wonderful little athlete, and a great lover (?) of composition. She draws ladies' faces as fair as her own.

— * —

JEAN G. CURRIE—Graceful, good natured, and hard-working. An active T.P. enthusiast.

— * —

HELEN DEROSIE—Another of 4B's small students. She thinks the Mexican border pays rent. Otherwise she's a good History student, quiet and self-possessed.

— * —

ALICE DOUGLAS—Plays a good game of hockey. She is always cheerful in spite of many difficulties in the form of teachers.

— * —

UNA EYRE—She comes from Hanley, and her greatest trial is Physics. She thinks a telegraph relay is something like the inter-form race we had on field day.

— * —

DOROTHY FARRELL—She looks witty, and she is. A winning smile, indifference to school work, and lots of life, phrases her character.

EDDIE FRIESEN—Another proud possessor of a Ford-ah-ah car. He doesn't work too hard and likes a good time (but don't we all?).

— * —

IRENE HARTIE—Ray calls her childish; he's prejudiced. She appears winsome and sad at times, but that's because the boys are inclined to tease her.

— * —

RAY HUME—Our class president. He's popular and a good banjo player. He loves (?) school. Oh Yeah?

— * —

IVAN LAKE—He was much avoided by the better class of student during the year,—you see he was Sec.-treasurer and collected dues.

— * —

JEAN LANDES—A good student, well liked, and a favorite of Mr. Carson. She kept the 4B register during the term; that's why it was so hard to play hookey.

— * —

EDGAR MAGNUSON—Our second Harry Lauder; his favorite personage is Major Hoople, and his favorite expression is "Dot's sly humor."

— * —

ROSS MAGWOOD—Rufus, the ever-ready to please the ladies; he coached the girls' hockey team. P.S.—he answers to the name of Rufus as if he were born to it.

— * —

JANET MILLER—Our mature-minded ex-school teacher. Mr. Carson respects her opinions. These teachers have an alliance, we suppose.

— * —

ALICE McNAIR—The soul of humor. She has a petite form, blonde hair, big brown eyes, and is mischievous, sporting and sympathetic.

— * —

HAROLD RAYMES—Silent and reserved, but that does not mean he's over-studious—he's not. He recently appeared in a snappy new overcoat; we deduce that he's got a girl.

— * —

HARRY SEPPALA—Big Harry who, with Dean Bell, escaped immortality when the 4B paint shop was disestablished. He's the ideal student—sporty, and first in his class.

— * —

JOHN SKOPYK—Whose weakness is teaching the girls Geom. on the back board at noon. He's a mathematical sheik.

— * —

ALEX. TOOTH—A man of leisure or a hobo, we won't say which. He's the spare-room sheik and if there's any work you want done, give it to him. He has lots of time.

— * —

ETHEL VYSE—A good sport at a party. She's not over-studious, but she's going to be a teacher so she can get her own back.





RUTH WALSH—A picture of maidenly reserve; the only catch is she's not reserved.

— * —

KATY WILSON—The answer to Mr. McKinnon's prayer in a questionnaire.

— * —

Hurray! it rhymes. With which we will close for the year.—Yours, 4B.

— * —

It has been rumored that Ada is a whole brass band, this we are inclined to believe.

To those who know her not, no words can paint,

And those who know her, know all words are faint.

— * —

"Hence, vain alluding joys!" Ralph, the lad with the long drawn and serious visage, which occasionally broadens into a smile.

— * —

"He knows how much to know, and knows how not to know too much. His success in mathematics is due to the fact that he multiplies by zero and gets the answer.

— * —

A newcomer from England. She came to our class late in the year. Edith is a girl with a sunny disposition, and possesses a weakness for Kipling's "Recessional."

— * —

It is a constant problem to the class how Kells manages to arrive in the classroom before the second bell rings. Kells is a diligent worker and a firm believer in "silence is golden."

— * —

4C's chatterbox, whose incessant chatterings on Literature excite much comment, wise and otherwise. Marie is also a good debater and student.

— * —

Our class President. A quiet and unassuming young lady, with aspirations for Latin. Best wishes for success, Margaret.

— * —

"May never wicked future tounge him,
May never wicked men bamboozle him."
In his scholastic work Don exhibits few preferences, but may incline a little toward the scientific side.

— * —

Our active Secretary-treasurer, who has inspirations for art. Outside of school, engineering and music fill in his time, while in Math. he bids fair to receive the deficiency medal.

— * —

"A solemn youth, with sober phiz,
Who eats his grub and minds his biz."
Lyle is a good worker and applies himself diligently to his studies except in his twenty-one spaces.

— * —

The villain of the play, the gentleman with the sardonic smile. Can he blush? and how! Ask Enid. While another proclaims,—
"Indeed, in a language strange he spoke."

— * —

Oh 'e's little, but 'e's wise,
'E's a terror for 'is size.

4C's mathematician, and musician; in whose trig. Marie has confidence.



Fourth Form Party

FRIDAY evening, February 14, saw Bedford gym. lit up in anticipation of holding a merry throng for the evening. The gathering consisted of the students of the fourth year of this institution, the fourth year teachers and their wives.

The students entered the gym. at 8.15 "précisément." They were received by Margaret Maynes, Ray Hume, and Mr. and Mrs. McGregor. Miss Jean Dickson and Mrs. McGregor were the patronesses of the evening. The evening's entertainment took the form of an "Aeroplane Trip around the World," starting from Bedford. The flights were in the form of dances, while games and contests provided us with amusement when we landed. Aeroplane favors and animal souvenirs were distributed among the guests in the early part of the evening. A large aeroplane suspended from the centre of the ceiling spread snowballs through the assembled crowd when we reached Russia. In Italy, a number of girls under the direction of Miss MacDonald put on a "Fashion Parade." Entering a cinema in New York, we were surprised to see "Ophelia", directed by Mr. Pullen, staged by a number of the boys. Both items were very much appreciated by all. The program was cleverly arranged by Pearl Gropper and her assistants, aided by Miss MacDonald and Mr. Pullen. Mr. Pullen acted as Master of Ceremonies. At Chicago, "gunmen" came and ushered guests up to the upper hall, where a dainty lunch was provided by Gladys Halsall and her thugs. Teachers and students dispersed and went to their various lodgings at midnight.

The fourth year party was considered one of the best organized parties in the school this term.

The Toujours Pretes Club

THE Toujours Pretes Club this year has had the most successful and brilliant year in its career. Early in the term the Fourth Year Girls elected an able executive, with Miss Jean Dickson, honorary president; Margaret Maynes, president; Nettie Miller, vice-president; Alice McNair, secretary; Beth Fleming, treasurer; and one representative from each Fourth Year class. With an excellent executive, and enthusiastic backing, success was inevitable.

The most important work of the club this year was the forming of a constitution. Though the club has been in existence for some time, no definite constitution had been arranged. Feeling this need, the girls drew up a very fine constitution indeed. Their programme is to include charitable, social, and athletic activities, as well as to sponsor any cause which fosters school spirit. They also decided to hold a yearly banquet.

On April 8th, the T. P. Club held its first banquet. It was a charming affair, held in the Algerian Room and attended by graduates as well as present members of the club. Certain business was taken up, the girls agreeing to make the banquet a yearly event. A programme then followed, composed of short skits and songs by various members. The accomplishments during the year 1929-30 will stand out prominently in the history of the club.

The Mogul Club

WITH a membership this year of thirty, matters progressed with a bang. Activities were directed by an executive consisting of: Mr. Speers, hon. pres.; Ray Hume, pres.; Ben Zado (later Bert Sharp on Ben's departure), vice-pres.; and Ivan Lake, sec.-treas. The Moguls took an active part in the Boys' Banquet as executors of the initiation.

The crowning event of the year was the Mogul Banquet held at the Hudson's Bay dining room on February 20 at 6.15 p.m. Sixty-three Moguls and ex-Moguls attended. Toasts and responses were carried out by Clarence Cook, toastmaster; Archie Leard, Mr. Speers, Ray Hume, Jack Watson, Bert Sharp, Mr. Toombs, Balfour Kirkpatrick, and William Bradley. A very interesting address was given by Mr. Harry Pullen. Pages from Mogul history were read by Carl Bennell, and a saxophone solo by Charlie Lemery accompanied at the piano by Cyril Cairns, a violin solo by Angus Campbell, a short skit directed by Mr. Pullen, and a business period completed the program.

The proposal of Peter Kreutzweiser (a Mogul of '23) was adopted at the banquet. Hence, a fund has been started for a portrait of Mr. Speers, to be presented to the B.R.C.I. This is being handled by a committee of Peter Kreutzweiser, J. L. McKinnon, and the current Mogul president. It is hoped that in another year the B.R.C.I. will contain this portrait of its worthy principal.

To the Editor and her staff, to Mr. Speers and the teaching staff, and to the present students of dear old Bedford Road, we send you greetings.

We who have passed forever from your halls, look back with longing and regret that we should be denied the joys which once we knew, and yet with feelings of satisfaction to know that the dreams we dreamed and the plans we made are being ably carried to fruitful completion by those who follow. You have caught the true spirit of "The School"; may every success attend your efforts to give expression to that which is implicit within you.

And in passing, may we as graduates give expression to a few hopes which we hold for our Collegiate home? Could Commencement Day be made more of an "event" in our Collegiate life? Certainly it is a red-letter day in the hearts of those taking part, and we would cherish the privilege of sharing in the joys that once were ours. Again, may we have our Principal at the next Alumni gathering? It would be good to shake his hand and hear again the voice of the Chief Coach. And lastly, we would dare to hope that in the near future our Collegiate teachers would be permitted to give full expression to that which they already believe, that in educational work, it is far more important to teach red-blooded youth how to "live" than to cram them full of frayed and dusty facts.

Thank you for your space, and may we again wish the Red and White the best of everything.

CLARE HUME, *Pres. Alumni Assoc.*

The Alumni Dance

THE expectant note of many voices—an excited whisper—an occasional suppressed giggle—a sudden cheery greeting—the vivid splashes of color contrasting gaily with the decorative red and white—a sudden burst of rhythm—a hesitant pause—the swift sound of feet in perfect time—and the graduates of the B.R.C.I. swung into the strains of "If you were the Only Girl in the World," getting their Fifth Annual Reunion Dance away to a good start.

The Art Academy presented a pretty sight on that evening of April 22, and the evening remains a pleasant memory to those who renewed old friendships, talked over old times, and danced until the strains of the National Anthem betokened another evening gone. The arrivals continued until late in the evening—fat and thin—short and tall—laughing and quiet—old and new.

The business of the Alumni was disposed of in snappy order and with the pleasing result that a capable executive was elected to carry on the work that this year's executive had done so capably under the direction of its president, Jack Watson. Those who attended the dance would take this opportunity to extend their hearty appreciation of the efforts of Jack, who worked with such good will to make this reunion a success—a success which added another link to the chain of memories which binds each graduate more closely to the B.R.C.I.

The patronesses for the evening were: Mrs. R. V. Humphries, Mrs. S. G. Carson, Miss Helen Hay, Miss Helen MacDonald.

Former grads. and present Fourth Year students can co-operate with this year's executive by being sure to place their names and the names of others on the mailing list. A charge of twenty-five cents is made to cover cost of said list.

The executive for the year 1930 is as follows:

President	- - - - -	Clare Hume
Vice-President	- - - - -	Kathleen Douglas
Secretary-Treasurer	- - - - -	Gordon Gemmell

SOME GRADS

JIMMY CAMPBELL
MEDICINE U of S.

BERNADINE CARROLL
NOW Mrs MUIR

MAE McMILLAN
CITY HALL SASKATOON

WELDON BROWN
Medicine CAL.

DOT GIBSON
Graduating at B.E.A. NC

L CAMPBELL
In VANCOUVER

STAN BIEHN
SASKATOON

ANNA BRYCE
down TEXAS
MEDICINE

The Alumni adds its own special note of regret to that which has arisen at the news of the untimely death of John Boyd who passed away on April 15, after a sudden and very short illness. John was 22 years of age, a young man on the threshold of his career, yet "death has slit the thin-spun life." The Alumni would extend its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and to all those who have called him "friend."

Alumni Briefs

PROFESSIONAL

MORLEY TOOMBS—Has since the last Alumni Briefs, taken his place on the staff of the Bedford Road Collegiate. Congratulation, Morley!

MAY and ANNA BRYCE—We had quite a time finding these two grads, as they are away down in Austin, Texas you know. May is a stenographer in a printing and bond house. Anna is finishing her pre-medical work at the University of Texas, and hopes to receive her degree in June. Lots of luck, girls.

KATHLEEN DOUGLAS—The city staff profited when Kathleen came to join them last September. She is enlightening the little minds at Mayfair School.

EILEEN FIELD—She of the oratorical fame in 1927, has found her way to Lac la Ronge of the far north. She is teaching Indian boys and girls in the All Saints Evangelical Mission. A new experience for her and she enjoys it.

BOB. MOORE—Is making a name for himself on the staff of the Star-Phoenix. Atta boy, Bob.

JAMES AITCHISON—Has anyone forgotten Jim? He is Dean of a Boys' College in Edmonton. We knew Jim would let us hear from him.

VERNUS GARDINER—We see her quite often now. Vernus is teaching at the Haultain School and is still the same good-natured Vernus.

BEV. FYFE—Is teaching at Tranquille, B.C., and his school is quite close to the Sanatorium. Bev. says he has taken note of lamp treatments, has counted blood and T.B. germs until he is quite a bug specialist. Sounds like Bev.

DON JACKSON—Is winning distinction in Chicago. His business is moving houses. It's impossible to mention Don without mentioning his saxophone.

MAE MacMILLAN—Is a stenographer at the City Hall. The Alumni friends of Mae will be pleased to know she has just recently returned from Winnipeg after a very successful operation. We are as happy about it as Mae is.

SPORTS

MILLARD WAKEFORD. Who doesn't know that in the winter Millard plays his clever hockey for the Tulsa Hockey Team across the line?

DEED KLEIN. To mention Millard immediately calls to mind Deed, also of hockey fame. Deed struts his stuff for Philadelphia, we believe.

BUS GORDON. There was some discussion as to whether running a seaplane in the Air Force could be classified as sport or not. We will leave that to Bus to decide.

JACK COOPER. Jack is doing something a little different, too. He is a physical instructor at the Y.M.C.A. of this city. Fine work, Jack!

Music

LOVINA BUTT. Lovina is teaching school, you know; but you remember how she can sing. She distinguished herself at the Unity Festival this year. We're glad to hear it, Lovina.

HELEN BROWN. Somehow one thinks of Helen in connection with sports, but the Alumni begs to think of her because of her great success in training a girls' chorus which she sent to the Tisdale Festival.

MATRIMONY

AGGIE BEST. 4A of 1927 has not forgotten Aggie. She is Mrs. ? ? ? now, and has a fine baby.

HAROLD RUSSELL was married this year to Irene Baker.

DOROTHY WARD was married to Floyd Ashwin, who is a teacher.

BERNADINE CARROLL married John Muir, a teacher. We believe they have two fine children.

PAT. PATTERSON, who was married, now has a little daughter.

FRANCES COLLIER, a member of the city teaching staff was married this year and is living near Moose Jaw.

CLIFF EVOY and ROBERTA LOCKHART, both of 4A, 1923-'24 were married last year. Cliff is completing his course in Medicine at Alberta.

TED POSTLEWAITE and MAY TURNBULL of the same class were married since our last publication. Ted is running a flourishing gas and oil business on Third Avenue.

MALVIN HUCKABY of 4A 1924, and THELMA SKLAPSKY, 4B 1924, are another pair who have entered the ranks of "unity."



Athletic Council

Toward the middle of the Fall term, the annual election for the Athletic Council of Bedford Road Collegiate was held. After the smoke of the election had cleared away, the following students found themselves elected:

Jack Buck, Pres.; Cliff Roseborough, Vice-Pres.; Mildred Craik, Secretary; Bert Sharp, Treasurer; Ray Hume, Fourth Year Representative; Alda Adolphe, Third Year Rep.; Edith Gordon, Second Year Academic Rep.; Don Bate, Second Year Com. Rep.; "Chubby" Patterson, First Year Acad. Rep.; Kay Graham, First Year Com. Rep.; the Staff Representative, Mr. Klæhn.

Among the most important innovations which the Council made this year is the new system of athletic crest awards. Second and Third Crests were introduced to supplement the old First Crest. A distinctive arrow design and a large B were chosen for second and third crest respectively.

On the whole, the Council can say that this has been a fairly busy but successful year.



THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL, 1929-30

Back Row—G. Parsons, D. Bate, R. Hume, C. Roseborough, B. Sharp.
Front Row—K. Graham, J. Buck (Pres.), M. Craik, P. C. Klæhn, E. Gordon,
C. Patterson, A. Adolphe.



Senior Rugby Team, 1929-30 -- N.S.C.I. Champions



Back Row—O. Richardson, J. Skopyk, G. Shea, F. Lambert, B. Sharp, E. McGrath, F. Bernbaum, P. Landa.
Middle Row—G. Parsons, M. Welykochy, W. Kahnisky, Mr. Pullen, C. Roseborough, A. Tooth, H. Oakman.
Front Row—S. Landa, C. Patterson, J. Young.



Rugby

With the arrival of Mr. Harry Pullen on the Bedford teaching staff last fall, rugby received a real boost in Saskatoon and still more particularly in our own school.

At an early date a meeting of the Bedford rugby enthusiasts was held, resulting in the election of Cliff Roseborough as president and Orville Richardson as secretary-treasurer.

Senior

Under Mr. Pullen's vigilant eye, a peppy little team was molded into shape. Bedford entered an interscholastic league with Nutana and City Park. In the games with the old collegiate on the hill, the Nutana fellows put up a great fight but twice went down in defeat. The same tough opposition was encountered in City Park, especially in the first game where the City Parkites held down the Pullen squad till there was only two minutes to full time, then Bedford forged ahead. The budding school teachers were also defeated in a tough exhibition battle. In the semi-final game with Prince Albert probably the best team lost but Bedford went on to beat North Battleford in the final to capture the much coveted N.S.I.R. championship.

Perhaps a brief review of the personnel of the team would be in order. No one seems to know just who is captain, but the honor is usually conceded to either Kalmusky or Roseborough. The latter can boast of being the heaviest man on the team (184). Rosie is a tower of strength in the back field, for, when he hits them they stay hit. Walter "Kelly" Kalmusky, the stocky little quarterback, is a fine field general and the coolest man on the team. Ernest "Big" Lambert, is as his nickname suggests, no lightweight. He plays middle wing and plays it well. Sam Landa is also very solidly built and would be an asset to any collegiate team. Sam cavorts at flying wing and scintillates as a tackler. Brother Paul plays the same position with equal gameness. Paul is a fast man. You can judge for yourself how Earl McGrath, our red-headed inside earned the *nom de plume* of "Liniment." Not many get past Earl, probably because he doesn't look very sociable. Mike Welykochy (one sneeze will do it), is the speedy little flying wing who hurt his leg pretty badly in the middle of the season. Garnet Parsons is one of the most valuable men on the team. "Gar" plays halfback. Parsons and Roseborough are both very slippery customers in the open field. Orville Richardson, known to his teammates as "Richy", is considered the surest punter in the backfield. George Shea exhibits all the rip and tear of the typical Irishman. George is a fourth year lad who performs at inside wing. Then we have our two diminutive ends, Messrs. Tooth and Patterson; "Toothy" and "Chubby" as it were, are certainly wonderful tacklers. They both claim that the bigger they are, the harder they fall. Harold "Oakie" Oakman, struts his stuff at middle wing. He has been going great this season. Just watch him next year. Bert Sharp completes the trio of dumb middles, Lambert, Sharp and Oakman, who make life miserable for Coach Pullen. John Skopyk is a surehanded snapback, with a big mop of hair and other accoutrements of the present-day sheik. When John, regular snap, wasn't able to play against North Battleford, Frank Bernbaum was rushed into the breach. "Beattie" deserves no end of praise for his part in the final game. Fred Lambert, middle; Jack Young, inside; and Dave Padley, end, were acquired from the intermediate team during the course of the season, because of numerous injuries. These lads had the opportunity to distinguish themselves and proceeded to do so. Jack Young played practically the whole season with the Seniors.

Mr. Harry Pullen, "Grey Ghost of St. Thomas and Saskatoon," in addition to coaching the Bedford boys, also directs the Saskatoon Quakers. We



have great admiration for Mr. Pullen, both as a player and as a coach.
Average age: 17 years. Average weight: 150 pounds.

* * *

Intermediate Division

Although the Intermediates didn't come out on top, they made a creditable showing. They entered a league with Nutana and City Park Collegiates and they gave both opponents a race for their money. They were beaten by Nutana twice by close scores, but defeated City Park in their third game. The Bedford boys showed the gameness and fight of good senior prospects.

The team lined up as follows under the direction of Mr. Pullen: Quarter-back, Claire Jones; Snap, Fred Gould, Kenneth Jackson; Wings: Ross McLeod, Harry Stepenhagen, Orval Worden; Flying Wings: George Heighes, Dave Padley, Allan Holmes, Cameron Craik; Middles: Vic Catherwood, Sid Anvoots, Fred Lambert, Gordon Bigelow, Abe Handleman; Insides: Arthur Olson, Harold McFurgo, John Patrick.



BOYS' HOCKEY, 1930

Back Row—P. Phillips, H. Moneur, H. Oakman, T. Tallon, C. Roseborough, V. Catherwood, G. Shea.

Middle Row—G. Parsons, F. Gould, W. V. Agnew, R. Magwood, J. Gibbs.

Front Row—S. Landa, W. Kalmuskey, T. Randall, M. Welykochoy, (Absent, O. Richardson)

* * *

Boys' Hockey, Senior Division

Although the boys weren't quite so successful as last year's team, they made a fair showing. Bedford was in a league with Nutana and City Park. A team was chosen on short notice to play Nutana and the result was a heavy loss for Bedford. However, they came back strong to defeat Nutana in their second game. Bedford was beaten once by City Park.

We must not forget Mr. Agnew's part in getting the best out of the boys.

The lineup was as follows: Goal, Richardson; defense, Roseborough, Tallon, Oakman; forwards, Kalmuskey, Parsons, Welykochoy, Gould, Randall.



Boys' Hockey, Intermediate Division

The Intermediates didn't have a great deal of luck this year as there were only three teams in the league and Bedford was drawn to play Nutana, who defeated our boys 6-2. This meant that Bedford Intermediates were left out of the running for this year; however, high hopes are held for next.

The lineup was as follows: Goal, Catherwood; defense, I. Lake, S. Landa; forwards, G. Richardson, Moncur, McLeod, Shea, Jones.

3C beat out 2C in the Inter-Class League final, to win the Championship.

* * *



SENIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row—F. Sindles, R. Magwood, R. McGuire, T. Gropper, A. Douglas,
A. McArter, Mr. Carson.

Front Row—Miss H. MacDonald, E. Gordon, P. Bartholomew, M. Rimmer, I. Lake.

Girls' Hockey, Intermediate

One of the chief drawbacks was removed this year by Bedford having her own home rink, and in spite of the fact that the girls did not win all their games in hockey this year, they had a successful season, because, even in the losing games Bedford girls were seen to possess the spirit that goes to the making of all real sports. They have become acquainted with more of the girls of the other collegiates, and the friendly feeling between them has been strengthened. It is certain they did their best to uphold the standards of the Collegiate in every way.

The team was under the management of Miss Helen McDonald and Mr. Carson, with Ivan Lake and Ross Magwood as coaches.

The following composed the team: Goal, Pat Bartholomew; defence, Bus Rimmer, Tillie Gropper, Alice Douglas; forwards, Edith Gordon (President of Hockey Club), Annie McArter, Frances Sindles, Rita McGuire, Dorothy Colley,



Boys' Basketball

THIS year the boys have had a positive mania for basketball. They are at it any time, John Rodney, our more or less affable janitor, leaves the gym. door open, which isn't often.

For once the completion of both Senior and Junior inter-form schedules has been effected. 4A barged their way to the top in the Senior section, with 2C duplicating the feat among the Juniors.

If winning only three games out of ten is any indication of such, the Senior School team has not been an outstanding success. The Intermediate basketballers have maintained a somewhat better average than their would-be superiors, but even at that they have nothing to brag about. Next year, with more time available for practice, Mr. Pullen hopes to produce a Championship team.

Lineups

Senior—Parsons, Roseborough, Heighes, Welykochy, S. Landa, P. Landa, Bate, McGowan, Sharp, Shakotko, Lambert, and Robertson.

Inter.—Kosnar, Jones, Pendlebury, Yuzuk, Knatoff, Olson, Buck, Larson, McGrath.

Coach: Mr. Pullen.



B.R.C.I. BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM, 1930

Back Row—P. Landa, Lambert, W. Shakotko, C. Roseborough, D. Bate.
Middle Row—G. Parsons, M. Welykochy, H. Pullen (Coach), J. McGowan, B. Sharp.
Front Row—G. Heighes, S. Landa.



Girls' Basketball

With the return of only three of last year's players, Bedford had to seek for much new material for this year's girls' basketball team. However, with regular practices and with the special effort of Miss Helen McDonald and Mr. McKinnon, Bedford soon had a team which would put up a stiff fight against any other.

Owing to the number of teams entering the City League this year, it was found necessary to divide the League into three divisions. Twelve teams in all entered the League.

Bedford, having won her part of the division, her stiffest opponent being Varsity A, was entitled to play off games with Bedford Grads and Normal.

In the game against the Grads, Bedford put up an excellent opposition but the Grads finally emerged victorious. Against Normal, Bedfords succumbed to a more experienced team. Normal also won against the Grads, thereby taking the City Championship. All teams, we are sure, feel that on the basis of their performances, Normal was the logical team to win the League.

Bedford entered the Collegiate League, and in this also qualified for the finals. In the first game of the final series against City Park, City Park won by eight points. In the second, Bedford won by one point, but lost the Collegiate Championship by seven.

Although the Bedford girls were not champions this year, credit is due the team for their splendid sportsmanship in all games. Credit is also due Bedford substitutes, although some of them did not play in many games, they were always at hand and ready when needed.



B.R.C.I. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM, 1929-30

Left to Right—Miss H. MacDonald, M. McNair, P. Ayres, L. Brown, E. Ross, M. Warshick, M. McMillan, E. Sonmor, H. Kemp, A. Charmbury, M. Hobson (Capt.), P. Bartholomew, K. Graham, B. Padley, J. L. McKinnon.

* * *

Girls' Inter-Form Basketball

For the past two years the Commercial Department has won the cup for the Girls' Inter-Form Basketball League. But this year the championship went to 3A.

The winning team is as follows: Emily Ross (Captain), Lorraine Brown, Ethel Sonmor, Beatrice Padley, Erna Petrich, Emma Elden, Marion Warshick.

Boys' Baseball, Senior Division

The Boys' Baseball team got away to a good start by taking the Normalites into camp to the tune of 10-5, and defeating City Park 16-5.

With Mr. MacDonald and Mr. McGregor looking after the team we expect a good season.

The lineup is as follows: Catcher, V. Catherwood; Pitcher, C. Roseborough; First base, O. Richardson; Second base, W. Kalmusky; Third base, J. Gibbs; Shortstop and Pitcher, G. Parsons; Right field, M. Welykochy; Centre field, G. Heighes; Left field, R. Magwood.

* * *

Intermediate Baseball

The Intermediates turned the first leaf over right by defeating Nutana Intermediates, 5-3, in their first League game, and by nosing out City Park by the same score in the next.

We hope the Intermediates will fall in line with the Seniors, under the coaching of Mr. Macdonald.

Lineup: Catchers, Epstein, Oakman; Pitchers, Wilkie, Friesen, Moncur; 1st Base, Shea; 2nd, S. Landa; S.S., McLeod; 3rd, Phillips; Outfielders, Weaver, Klassen, Litsky, Gould; Utility, Bacon.



B.R.C.I. SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM, N.S.I.L. CHAMPIONS 1930

G. Heighes, M. Welykochy, V. Catherwood, C. Roseborough, G. Parsons, O. Richardson, R. Magwood.

R. McGregor, W. Kalmuskey, J. Gibbs, J. Brown, F. J. Macdonald.

* * *

Girls' Baseball

The following officers were elected for this year's Girls' Baseball League: President, Pat Bartholomew; Vice-President, Emily Ross; Secretary, Martha Wright; Academic Representatives: Fourth Year, Jessie Bileski; Third Year, Anne Ferguson; Second Year, Dorothy Reid; First Year, Eleanor McDavitt. Commercial Representatives: Third Year, Helen Kemp; Second Year, Muriel Rimmer; First Year, Kay Graham and Aphra Charmbury.

As soon as weather conditions permit, we expect to begin the League.



Field Day

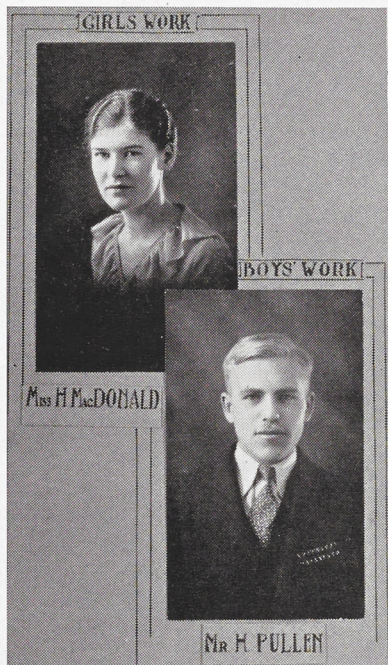
On Friday afternoon, May 16, the Bedford teachers and students put over a snappy field meet on the school campus. Twelve old records were lowered into the dust. Cameron Craik of 1A ran off the individual championship, amassing 26 points; Eddie Lotochinski was runner-up with a total of 22 markers; Marion Cross came out on top among the girls, with Phyllis Ayres a close second.

DIVISION	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP
Senior Girls	P. Holland	B. Barbour
Inter. Girls	M. Cross	P. Ayres
Junior Girls	J. Bell	M. Knight
Senior Boys	A. Zaitlen	L. Pashkovsky
Inter. Boys	I. Wright	K. Epstein
Junior Boys	C. Craik	C. Moore
Midget Boys	E. Lotoczynski	S. Muscovitz

Class Champion, 3A: 53 points. Runners-up: 1C.A and 1C: 47 points.

* * *

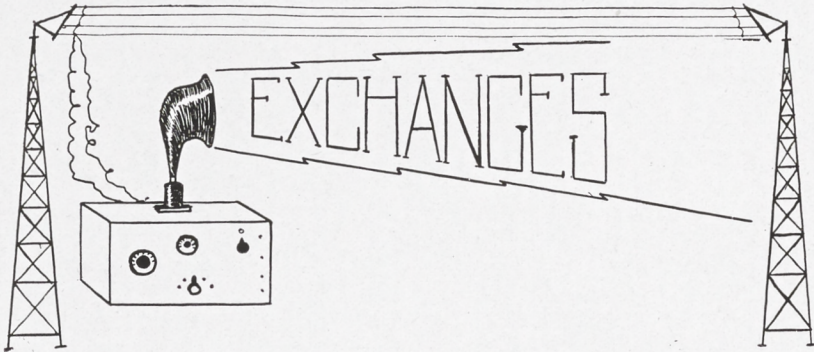
Tennis



In October 1929, the Bedford Road Tennis Club had its first meeting. The following officers were elected for the Fall and Spring term: President, Lillian Kopperud; Vice-President, Don Bate; Secretary, Reuben Drinkle; Equipment Manager, Walter Shakotke; First Year Representatives, Eleanor McDavitt and Ralph Dennison; Second Year Representatives, Mary Dickinson and Russell Crimp; Third Year Representatives, Ruth Millhouse and Tom Austin; Fourth Year Representatives, Margaret Saunders and Cecil Adair.

A tournament was started, but could not be completed because weather did not permit.

This spring we are carrying on another. Our courts are in good condition; we have new nets and wire. This coupled with some good tennis players, may make it possible for Bedford Road to bring home some points in the tournament between Collegiates, which will take place around the twenty-fourth of May, at Bedford.



ACTA NOSTRA, Guelph Collegiate Vocational Institute.

A splendidly illustrated book. The Acta Nostra artists are to be complimented. Withal a classy magazine.

THE AEGIS, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass., U.S.A.

The poem by M. Dockham is good. Your magazine is our first visitor from Massachusetts. May we suggest more pictures and humor?

ANALECTA, Central C. I., Calgary, Alberta.

Cartoons are well done; well organized Sports Section. Exchanges receive adequate attention. Arrangement and illustration of Class Notes especially good.

THE ARGOSY OF COMMERCE, High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.

The first publication of this well-ordered book is a distinct triumph in school journalism. The Sports are well handled; Poetry is good, and the cover-design is very fine.

BENNETT BEACON, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

The "Seniors" Section is artistically arranged. Why not comment on your exchanges? The valedictory address is fine.

THE BUGLE, Crescent Heights H. S., Calgary.

Newsy and well illustrated; a slight tendency to mix "ad's" in your news-matter. Headings are attractive.

BLUE AND WHITE, Rothesay Collegiate, Rothesay, N.B.

Criticisms or comments on your Exchanges would be helpful to the rest of us. We found the Tale of Song Titles clever.

CAMOSUN, High School, Victoria, B.C.

Clever headings and sketches. Class photographs are well arranged.

THE CANADIAN, Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont.

Published and printed by the students of this great institution, The Canadian is a really newsy paper, and reflects the many-sided life of the school. Many of the articles are extremely clever.

THE CANTUARIAN, Canterbury School, Canterbury, England.

A good history of school activities; no literary section and no pictures. There is much history in your cover design.

COLLEGE TIMES, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Splendidly illustrated; due emphasis on sports. The historical articles are good. Congratulations on your centenary.

THE COLLEGIAN, St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.

We first saw your book by courtesy of Mr. Harry Pullen, an old S.T.C.I. hero of other days. Thanks for the later number. Your letter box reflects public opinion in a live school.

COLLEGIATE, C.I. and Technical School, Sarnia, Ont.

The Exchange Department is both comprehensive and well handled. The notable poetry section is another feature of an excellent book.

CONNING TOWER, Weston High and Vocational School, Weston, Ont.

Exchanges well treated; a good Jokes section. Class pictures are missing.

THE DUMBEL, High School, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

This book is well illustrated; the cartoons, though not numerous, are well done. The Literary section is good.

THE EAGLE, Bedford Modern School, Bedford, England.

An historic school (1566). We admire the weight given to sportsmanship in the Eagle. Too bad you haven't ice for your hockey!



EASTERN ECHO, Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.

Congratulations to Miss Thelma E. Godfrey on her wonderful record. We like *Out of the Depths* by Walter Terry. A good balance of sports and literary.

THE NORTHLAND ECHO, Collegiate Institute, North Bay, Ontario.

A live Jokes section. Your Sports are well emphasized. Advertisements and reading matter do not mix well. Your story section is good.

THE HERMES, Humberstone Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Exchange comments are helpfully critical. A well-balanced book; the Literary department is of a high order.

THE TECH FLASH, Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

The absence of cuts is a serious loss in a modern school journal. The *Idol's Revenge* is a good story.

THE LEYS FORTNIGHTLY, Leys School, Cambridge, England.

An interesting visitor. The literary articles, if few, are good. We found the map of your grounds quite a key to your doings.

THE ECHOES, C. I. and Vocational School, Peterborough, Ontario.

In your excellent Literary department, the poem *Thoughts* shows promising talent. Vi. Davidson's *Lazy Farmer* is a clever skit. Your athletic teams are artistically featured.

THE LIGHT, Saskatoon Normal School.

A faithful record of the many-sided activities of a big training school. We find it interesting to see so many Bedford grads among its pages.

LUX COLUMBIANA, Columbian College.

A magazine to be remembered, printed on fine stock and tastefully arranged. "Hard Boiled" and "Their Revenge" are two of its fine literary articles.

MAGAZINE-JOERNAL, Aliwal North High School, Aliwal North, South Africa.

The annual visit of our southern contemporary is always a welcome one. Your poetry has a light touch. Yours is a historic school.

THE KING'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE, King's School, Parramatta, Australia.

Our Australian contemporary is well edited and clearly printed. The artists' work is clever. We feel very youthful and inexperienced beside your ninety-eight years!

THE MELBURNIAN, Melbourne, Australia.

We enjoyed the frank and kindly sketch of Canadian education contained in the Headmaster's Report. What a distinguished roll your graduates are (including Stanley M. Bruce).

THE NEW ERA, Brandon Collegiate Institute, Brandon, Man.

The Essay section has considerable merit. Advertising mixed with reading matter does not add class to your book.

EAST HIGH NEWS, East High School, Buffalo, N.Y.

The most completely a newspaper of all our exchanges. From editorial to "Sideline Slants," the whole paper is snappy, newsy, and well set up.

THE ORACLE, Collegiate and Technical Institute, Fort William, Ont.

A fine fund of humor. The "Sea Captain's Story" has quality. Come again.

L. S. C. I. ORACLE, London South C. I., London, Ont.

A splendid story of athletic achievements, with clear and attractive cuts. We're trying to follow your advice of last year by having "a few more smiles." Section headings are unique and original.

THE ORACLE, Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, Ont.

Stories are of a high order; a bright sports department. Congratulations on your W.O.S.S.A. championship.

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Form notes are quite original. The school anecdotes throw considerable light on life in your two collegiates.

THE PARKDALIAN, Parkdale C. I., Toronto.

A very complete exchange department. This school is manifestly a leader in athletics. The wit and humor are good.

PURPLE AND GOLD, Newmarket High School, Newmarket, Ont.

Poetry is notably good. Your printer should see to the binding next time. Quite a variety of departments, all well handled.

THE REPTONIAN, Repton School, Repton, Derby, England.

A sound, solid magazine. The correspondence section is quite a mirror of life and opinion in your school.

THE L.C.C.I. REVIEW, Central C. I., London, Ont.

Cartoons are notable; the Zoo talking pictures are cleverly done. This is one of our most vivid and interesting exchanges. It is full of individuality.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE REVIEW, Christchurch, N.Z.

Adequate weight to athletics. Your workshop produces worthy pieces of work. Sketches and poetry are good. A welcome exchange from our sister Dominion in the South.

SCARBORO BLUFF, Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Ont.

We hope to find a table of contents in your next. Illustrations are striking. How about Exchanges?

THE SCROLL, City Park Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon.

A hearty welcome to our youngest contemporary. City Park's first venture in school journalism is a real success. "Mine Dear Luke" is a clever effort.

SPECULA GALTONIA, Galt Collegiate and Vocational Schools.

We followed the movements of Sir Archer with interest and pleasure. The arrangement of form news is bright and attractive; and the cartoon pages have touches of real genius.

THE TORCH, Harris Teachers' College, St. Louis, Missouri.

A very superior book. Weavers of Words is a section of more than ordinary quality. The illustrations are very fine.

THE TORCH, La Fleche High School, La Fleche, Sask.

This is a bright and newsy product, printed as well as edited by the La Fleche students themselves. Congratulations to the Messrs. MacKenzie—both B.R.C.I. graduates.

TORPEDO, Central High School of Commerce, Toronto.

Sports are adequately dealt with, and well illustrated. The cut of cover-designs submitted is a good idea. Exchange department is good. We find no class pictures.

THE TWIG, University of Toronto Schools.

The poetry in this book is a fine literary quality; a most creditable number, printed on fine stock.

THE VANTECH, Vancouver Technical School.

The treatment of Exchanges is splendid. Your illustrations make us want to visit your lovely city and—of course, the Vantech.

VOX LYCEL, Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

Almost the best of our exchanges—original headings; a splendid literary section. The cover design is dignified and artistic.

THE VULCAN, Central Technical School, Toronto.

Cartoons are well done, a splendid literary section. No comments on Exchanges. The cover designs are extremely striking.

THE WAITAKIAN, Waitaki Boys' High School, Oamaru, New Zealand.

The poetry in this book bespeaks a literary air in Waitaki. Illustrations are few.

W. H. S., Westmount High School, Montreal.

Your illustrations are bright and original, including "For Crying Out Loud."

YEAR BOOK, Shelburne High School, Shelburne, Ont.

A most promising literary section; the article on Andrea shows power; also Ray Irwin's "Silver Wings."

As Others See Us--

LUX COLUMBIANA, Columbian College, New Westminster, Vancouver:

"Interesting literary section. We compliment you upon your cover design."

THE HERMES, Humberside Collegiate Institute, Humberside, Toronto:

"Your literary section has an abundance of good material, and your jokes—although not notable for quantity—have that rare attribute of originality."

THE TECH. FLASH, Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N. Scotia:

"A Lantern from the West, shedding a warm, mellow light which guides us through the halls of B.R.C.I. The Lantern is very well got-out and its contents are of a high order. It vibrates with life, and its variety adds to its attractiveness."

SPECULA GALTONIA, Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational Schools, Galt, Ontario:

"A welcome exchange with interesting short stories. A few headings will brighten up your magazine."

YEAR BOOK, Shelburne High School, Shelbourne, Ontario:

"Your essays are splendid. Group photos add much to your worthy magazine."

L.S.C.I. ORACLE, London, Ontario:

"Your literary section shows a great deal of ability and provides first-class reading. The cuts are very clear. A few more smiles would be acceptable."

THE BUGLE, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta:

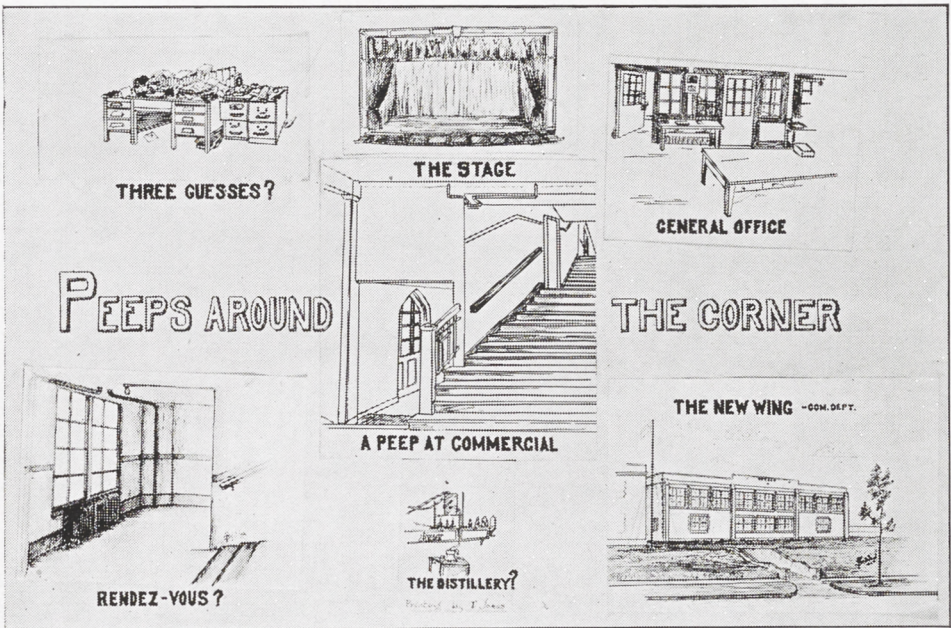
"Your cover design is unique. An excellent literary section, but why limit your introduction to advertisements? A table of contents there would help."

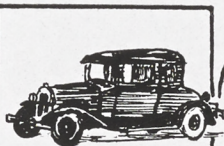
THE PARKDALIAN, Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario:

"Your literary is well handled and your school activities well written up."

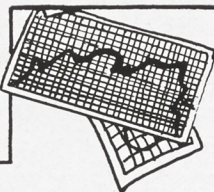
THE COLLEGIATE, S.C.I.&T.S., Sarnia, Ontario:

"The literary department is excellent. The jokes are good, but few in number."





AUTOGRAPHS



W. J. MacGregor

<i>J. G. Dickson</i>	<i>J. Macdonald</i>
<i>C. R. Brown</i>	<i>J. H. MacLennan</i>
<i>H. Pullen</i>	<i>Helen I. Mac Donald</i>
<i>W. O. Agnew</i>	<i>Arthur S. Ellis</i>
<i>M. J. Lomb</i>	<i>S. G. Carson</i>
<i>Helen Kay</i>	<i>A. Irene Jackson</i>
<i>R. K. Ketchum</i>	<i>A. S. Hammen</i>
<i>H. J. O. Kulp</i>	<i>R. V. Humphries</i>
<i>H. Gladys Gregory</i>	<i>P. E. B. Good</i>
<i>Chas. Egan</i>	<i>John L. MacLennan</i>
<i>H. M. Fisher</i>	<i>H. W. Hewitt</i>
<i>G. H. Headley</i>	<i>G. J. Johnson</i>
<i>A. Roy MacKenzie</i>	
<i>Francis Stevenson</i>	



Autographs

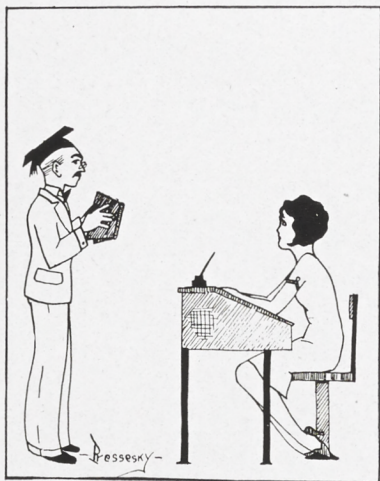


MIRTH QUAKEs

Salesman (showing some golf stockings to Mr. Macdonald)—“Yes sir, these stockings are extraordinary value, worth twice the price, guaranteed unshrinkable, absolutely holeproof, reinforced heel and toe, and it’s a very good yarn sir!”

Mr. Macdonald—“And very well told, young man!”

* * *



Teacher (reading): “The Huns were a nomadic tribe.” By the way, spell “nomadic”, Jean.

Jean: P-n-e-u-m-a-t-i-c.

* * *



Modern students should consider themselves lucky. Here’s a picture of a Stone Age student doing his homework.

* * *

Mr. Headley: “Who were the first two men to work on confederation in Nova Scotia?”

MacBrien: “Tupper”

Mr. Headley: “And Howe!”

* * *

Mr. Klachn (entering typing room)—“Is Mr. MacKenzie ’round?”

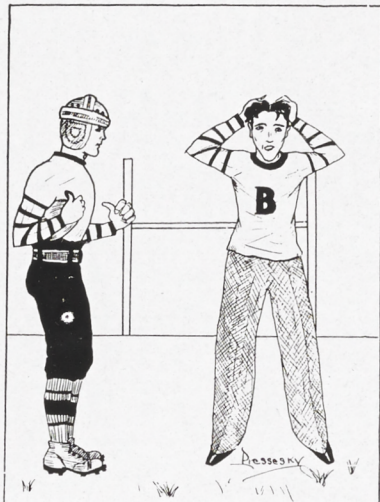
Commercial Student: “Almost.”



Mary—"Mummy! mummy! come here quick!"

Mother—"What's the matter, Mary?"

Mary—"Oh mummy, Tommy's ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."



Player: "Jones has just broken his leg."

"Mr. Pullen: "Good grief! He was our best left-handed kicker."



Bright-looking youth: "I am a graduate of B.R.C.I. I would like a position with your firm."

Manager: "I am sorry, but the Presidency of this company is not vacant at the present time."

EPITAPH

"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."



DOC LANDA

—AND HIS FOURTEEN
WILLING WORKERS—

"WILL MAKE A LADY OUT
OF ANY LIZZIE!"

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Golden Queen
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SILVERSMITHS

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guaranteed. We need no
introduction, — you know
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Mrs. HAWKSBY, Proprietor

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Delicious Cakes, Pies,
and Pastries

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Ice Cream, Candies, Tobacco
and Cigarettes

TO BE REPATRIATED

Luboff—"How do you like my translation from the French, Miss Dickson?"

Miss Dickson—"Luboff, I advise you to translate it back into French as soon as possible."

* * *

WELL DEFINED

Johnny—"Please teacher, Jimmy threw a piece of chalk and hit Pete on the peninsula."

Teacher—"What do you mean by peninsula, Johnny?"

Johnny—"A long neck of dirt stretching out to see."

The Never
Changing Need

DEVELOPMENT OF MIND
AND BODY—IT PAYS
TO PLAY!

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BASEBALL, TENNIS,
& RUGBY SUPPLIES

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Stanley Carpenter Tool Kits.
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Saw Outfits.

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Residence - 2323, 2103

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Repairs, Remodelling, Dyeing
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WEST SIDE SERVICE STATION

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*We Appreciate
Your Patronage!*

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Corner 20th St. and Ave. H
Tom Priel, Prop.
Phone 5016

DICTOGRAPHED IN 4A

Mr. McGregor: "And if you don't, you won't know whether you are standing on your head, or sitting on your—er—er—foot."

* * *

DUMBNESS PERSONIFIED

J. B.—Would you object if I kissed you?

K. B.—(No answer).

J. B.—I say, would you object if I kissed you?

K. B.—(Still no answer).

J. B.—Hey, are you deaf?

K. B.—No, are you dumb?

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Crepe Papers, Etc.

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With the safety and certainty of
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yield of 7 to 8% on your
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Our experience in appraising protects you. All details taken care of, including title, taxes, insurance cover, and collecting of principal and interest. Maximum loan 50% of saleable value.

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for clients without a loss."*

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on First Mortgage Investments.

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SASKATOON



FRANK P. MARTIN

F.R.A.I.C.

::

A R C H I T E C T

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315 Avenue Building
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**BELGIAN Dry Cleaners,
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Quickest Service in the City.
Dyeing, Cleaning, Repairing,
Pressing, Pleating and
Fur Work.

Three-Hour Service If Necessary!

123 Twentieth Street, W.
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AMBIGUOUS CASE

Fourth Year Student—"You know I have a notion to quit school and go into the lumber business."

His Sweetie—"Well, you have a good head for it."

BUY YOUR
SPORTING GOODS

FROM

Cooper's Hardware

128 SECOND AVENUE, NORTH
(Next to McGowan's)

**RELIABLE
WRIST WATCHES**

15 Jewel Grade, Fully Guaranteed.
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Practical Watch Repairing

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Ames Building, 152 Second Ave. S.

MISCHIEF + PUNISHMENT = GRIEF

Tom² descent piper + pig x speed

Pig ÷ (knife + fork) = 0.

Dad + stick x Tom + whack!! bam! whack!! = disaster.

*Butler, Byers
Brothers, Ltd.*

::

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THE
Union Drug Co.

*"The Popular West Side
Drug Store"*

Solicits your business for Drugs,
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Mr. Pullen—“Never mind, McGrath, it’s probably only puppy love.”

McGrath—“What comes after that, Mr. Pullen?”

Mr. Pullen—“Oh, you either get married or become a school teacher.”

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And then there was the absent-minded professor who poured molasses down his back and scratched his pancakes!



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ENOUGH

An Englishman and an Irishman had agreed to settle a little dispute with their fists. Neither had seconds, so the agreement was that when one had had enough he was to call "sufficient". The Englishman proceeded to "pound his opponent to a pulp," and still the Irishman said nothing. After some time the Irishman, more by good luck than by anything else, planted a haymaker on the Englishman's chin and the Johnny dropped to the ground and called "sufficient." "Begorrah!" exclaimed Pat, "Oi've bin troin' to remember that wurrd fer the last half 'ourr."

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TRAGEDY

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Junior: "I'll say so. He doesn't put any expression into it at all."



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WHEN YOU
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OF
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